Saturday Review

JULY 23, 1960 / 25c

CBR vs MAN

THE FACTS OF CHEMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL WARFARE

By Norman Cousins

ATQUE VALE

By John Steinbeck

THE SEARCH FOR MASTERPIECES

By Katharine Kuh

THE 20TH-CENTURY DA VINCI

By Edmund S. Whitman

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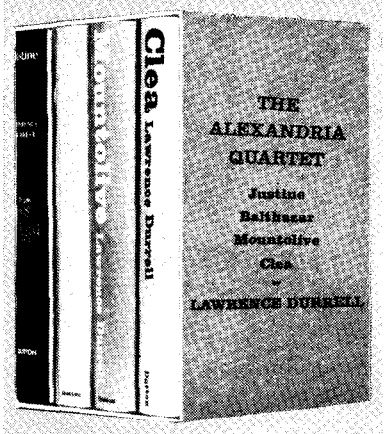

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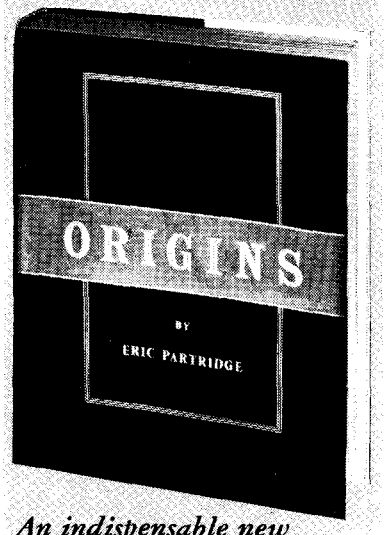

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(Advertisement)

This day, as all days, we are in the aftermath of history. And whether we choose to or not, we are also making history. Diplomatic, political, military decisions, or the lack of them, charge our lives with drama — and we worry about its Happy Ending. Shall we declare an Open Spies policy? Dare the Democrats nominate a Catholic? Which, among a wealth of menaces, really threatens?

Coming to grips with today's history can be helped by a look at yesterday's. Recently, I was the reluctant first reader of a book called "Fortress: The Story of the Siege and Fall of Singapore" . . . reluctant because I thought it was military history, because it might be dull. Instead, it's a history of people on an island, and it's absolutely gripping.

The title is ironic. At the outbreak of World War II, Singapore was believed to be impregnable. It was, instead, a Hollywood set—a ring of guns facing out to sea. Meanwhile, a B-movie army made hostile gestures at its exposed back. With the aid of the island's indecision, its business-as-usual, gin-and-tonic-on-the-terrace attitude, the Japanese moved. In a shockingly short time, a mighty symbol had fallen.

As Churchill, always the master articulator of crisis, said: in the Pacific, the Allies were "everywhere weak and naked."

If this makes looking back at one segment of history sound ultra-somber, I have misled you. "Fortress" is, on the contrary, suspenseful, *ingenious in its portraits* and narrative, and sometimes funny. In fact, it is as entertaining as only tragedy can be, recreated in detail for those who survive.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Fortress: The Story of the Siege and Fall of Singapore" ($4.50) by Kenneth Attiwill, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your local bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York, New York.

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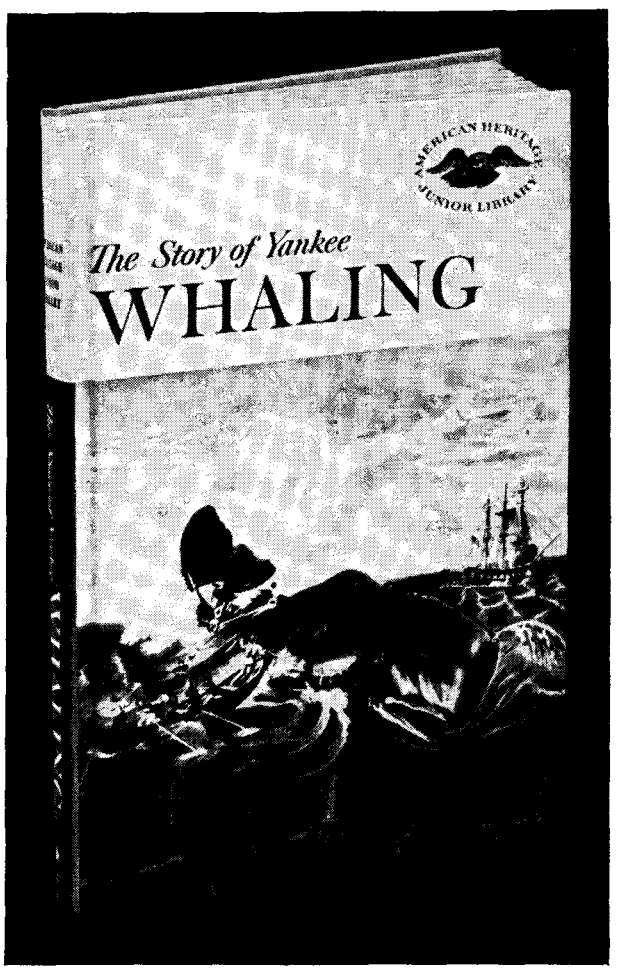

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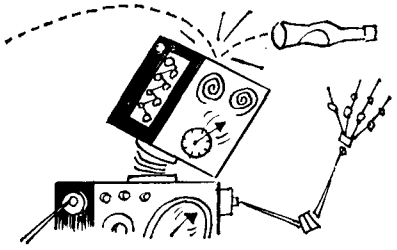
TRADE Winds

INFLATIONARY NOTE: Beadle's famous dime novels of the 1800s are now selling for as high as $12, according to the catalogue of J. E. Reynolds, the Van Nuys, California, bookseller.

ADDENDA NOTE: John Maass, of Philadelphia, along with others, adds to the list of famous physician-authors [TRADE WINDS, June 25] with: Arthur Conan Doyle, Arthur Schnitzler, W. Somerset Maugham.

NONPROFANITY NOTE: The U. S. Patent Office reports the development of a robot baseball umpire, bound to eliminate the ancient tradition of cussing the umpire.



ENDLESS PROCESSION NOTE: The absorption of Macmillan by Crowell-Collier is the fourth such merger among publishing houses within the past several months.

MADISON AVENUE NOTES: The recent publication of William Murray's "The Self-Starting Wheel" (Dutton) adds to the long list of novels about Madison Avenue, and resurrects a few stories of that milieu.

For example, there's the one about the Madison Avenue account executive who died, and whose boss was asked: "What did he have?"

"Well," said the boss, "he had General Foods, American Tobacco, and Revlon. . . ."

PURIST NOTE: The publication of "Social Drinking: How to Enjoy It Without Being Hurt by It" (World) recalls the story of the scholar who asked a bartender for a Martinus.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the bartender, "but you mean a Martini, don't you?"

"Look, sir," said the scholar, "if I want two, I'll ask for them."

WORD GAME NOTE: Dr. Lester Ford, of the General Analysis Corporation, passes along a word game which he believes was originated by Lewis Carroll. The problem is to find words that will include such unlikely combinations of letters as XYG, TOMO, HEON. (Answers for these three problems are: oXYGen, auTOMObile, luncHEON.)

Among the other, tougher problems: XOP, DHP, RIJU, OMAHA, and ZOP. If you can't figure the answers out, we'll report them in a later column.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTE: A report has filtered in from Stan Warren, the publicist, that a customer wandered into an antique shop with the query: "What's new?"

SPACE PROBE NOTE: Allan Kalmus, another publicist, writes to suggest that the next long-range launching from Cape Canaveral will probably be an Intra-Venus shot.

LITERARY NOTE (JUNIOR GRADE): Mrs. Fred Brown, of New York, encloses a rejection letter to her daughter Janet from the editors of the Brearley School literary magazine:

"The two poems you submitted are really very derivative. The suicide theme is passé as far as this Board is concerned."

Wailed the outraged author (aged eleven): "How can I be derivative when I only read Ogden Nash?"

MOP CLOSET NOTE: Walter Lord, whose fascinating account of the pre-World War I decade, "The Good Years" (Harper), has received critical accolades, boasts the most unusual mop closet extant.

We dropped by his Manhattan apartment to learn just how Mr. Lord goes about the research that enables him to recreate modern history so vividly. The answer, in part, lay in the mop closet. It was jammed to the ceiling with carefully written research notes.

"I only have room for a dust pan and brush," he told us ruefully. "But I shouldn't complain so long as it holds what I need."

To complete the research for "The Good Years," Mr. Lord went through 193 books, the files of twenty-nine magazines, and thirty-six newspapers from twenty-five cities. But more than that, he interviewed scores of eyewitnesses of the events he recounts in his book.

"I don't believe in taking notes in front of the people I interview," he said, "because it sometimes makes them clam up. For instance, I talked with one man who saw the Wright Brothers on their first flight, and as soon as I was finished I rushed to a phone booth to scribble down everything he told me. I talked to a fire chief who had been a young fireman during the San Francisco earthquake, and then spent nearly an hour on a park bench recalling on paper what he said. Seems to work better that way."

Mr. Lord's apartment is furnished in the style of the period he likes to write about: the turn of the century. Colorful prints and a model of the *Titanic* cover the wall, along with an extravagant collection of political campaign buttons ranging back to the time of Lincoln. "It's a poor man's hobby, because they are fairly inexpensive," he said.

Mr. Lord is an ex-advertising copy writer who has converted to a full-time, free-lance author, and he is enjoying every minute of it.

"I can't get out of the habit, though, of getting to work at 9:30 on the nose," he said. "So I dress just as if I were going to face a client, even down to well-shined shoes. Then I sit down at the typewriter and start working, necktie, coat, and all."

After a quick cup of coffee, we left Mr. Lord's apartment, and quickly went down to the front stoop to fill in our notes.

ANIMAL NOTE: Out in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, a gentleman by the name of Frank E. Dittrich is proving that books don't need to be widely known to become best-sellers. A book titled "The Budgerigar as a Pet" is selling every bit as well as a Michener, Drury, or O'Hara, and it's only one of the hundreds of titles offered by All-Pets Books, Inc., Mr. Dittrich's company.

"Australian Shell Parakeet is the correct name for the bird, although Budgerigar is also quite acceptable," he told us.

Titles range from "Keeping the Dwarf Sea Horse" to "Cinnamon Inheritance in Canaries," and full manuals are available on the care and training of mice, skunks, monkeys, and raccoons.

UNICEF NOTE: The United Nations Children's Fund greeting card program achieved a world-wide sale of more than 14,000,000 cards last year. This was enough to provide DDT to protect 6,000,000 children from malaria for one year. Proceeds from one box of cards at $1.25 can provide a 100-day supply

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of vitamins for a new mother and child. For more information: UNICEF, United Nations, New York.

FOOTNOTE NOTE: John Windsor, of New York, reminds us of a footnote in Frank Gibney's new book, "The Oper-

ators" (Harper). It tells about the phony claimant who collected a large sum from an insurance company for injuries received, but was threatened with constant investigation to see that he never got out of his wheel chair. "I'm never going to leave it," he said, "until a long vacation in Paris—followed by a trip to Lourdes and the most amazing miracle in medical history."

"What the U. S. jokesters who tell this story don't realize," says the footnote, "is that a Frenchman actually carried this plan out in 1952."

RETROGRESSION NOTE: A major film company, producing a new major film, is hard at work trying to dream up a spanking-new name for its screen—which happens to be of the conventional size used by film houses during all the years before the wide-screen epidemic.

BOOK CENSOR'S NOTE: In his forthcoming book, "Don't Forget to Write" (World), Art Buchwald records the story of a friend who brought a list of items requested by other friends to be brought back to the States: "Buy two copies of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover,' three Henry Miller paperback editions, and see if you can find any French editions of 'Fanny Hill.' Don't declare at customs," the request read.

"'Lady Chatterley's Lover' is on sale in the States now," Buchwald told him.

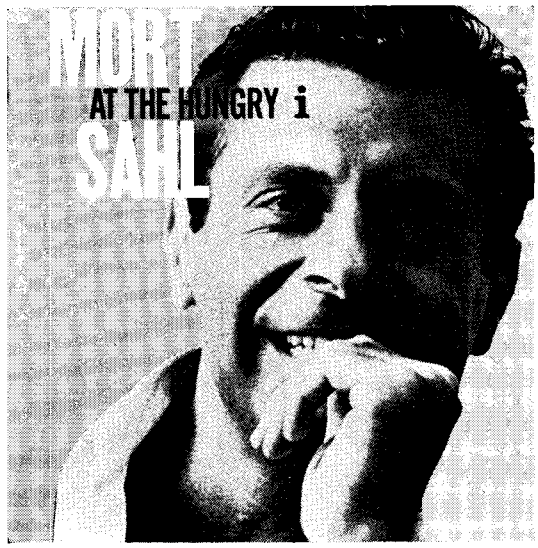
"I know," said the friend. "But this guy wants the expurgated version."

—John G. Fuller

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1373)

Guthrie:
A Life in the Theatre

I was struck then with Scotland's air of serious purpose, and still am whenever I return there. This is no place to essay the little joke, the gay exaggeration, the butterfly flight of metaphor, indispensable in Irish conversation.



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GENERAL T. J. JACKSON'S STAND AT BULL RUN. FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

Where Stonewall Jackson earned his name

"There was going to be a short war and it would be romantic and glorious — crowned, of course, with victory. No one, as Lincoln remarked, could see that what was going to happen would be fundamental and astounding."

Bruce Catton
PULITZER PRIZE HISTORIAN
AUTHOR OF "THIS HALLOWED GROUND," DOUBLEDAY

In our Civil War, the North liked to name battles after streams; the South preferred nearby towns. So the battle of Bull Run (a stream) and First Manassas (a town) are the same. When you visit the battlefield, so beautifully kept by our National Park Service, you'll see the same landmarks on the same terrain North and South fought over on July 21, '61.

The park museum is a good place to begin your tour, and you might start by looking in the library records for the names of your relatives, North or South, who fought in the war.

Bull Run battlefield is a rare combination of scenic beauty and historic importance. Park historians show you how to follow the battle, beginning with the Union's surprise attack down from Sudley Springs and across Warrenton Turnpike. And on Henry House Hill, you can stand where Confederate General T. J. Jackson stood like a stone wall, broke the Blue charge, and won a battle and a name that blazes in our history. At Cub Run, you'll see where picnickers came to watch the battle, and at Stone Bridge, where one of them—Alfred Ely—was captured—the only U. S. Congressman to become a prisoner of war.

Plan to see Bull Run (or First Manassas) as America begins its Civil War Centennial. Time has smoothed the scars and the battlefield is beautiful with summer. *But here where men fought so hard for their beliefs the evidence is clear that the price of liberty is courage. America is rich in that coinage.*

FREE TOUR INFORMATION. Plan now to visit Bull Run or some other historic Civil War battlefield. Let us help plan your trip to include scenic vacation spots. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

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Saturday Review
JULY 23, 1960

CBR vs MAN

By NORMAN COUSINS

THE DANGER of surprise attack in modern warfare is not confined to nuclear explosives delivered by missiles. Modern scientific war research has developed advanced techniques against civilian populations quite apart from nuclear weapons.

The new techniques go by the name of CBR—chemical, biological, and radiological warfare. These techniques are not to be confused with the poison gases used in the First World War, any more than the hydrogen bomb is to be confused with the mortar shell. The new methods are infinitely more effective and far more adaptable to sudden, overwhelming attack than the cumbersome gases of 1914-1918.

CHEMICAL WARFARE

CHEMICALS have a much longer history in warfare than explosives. At least 500 years before Christ, the Greeks were using fire-making chemicals against their enemies. Some historians contend that chemical incendiaries were used in Greece as early as 1200 B.C. The Romans maintained and extended the practice.

Poisoning of wells, as old as recorded history, is a form of chemical and biological warfare. In the fourteenth century, Tartars in the Crimea hurled the bodies of plague victims over the walls of Italian forts. Two centuries later, the Italians developed an artillery shell that could deliver disease to the enemy. In pre-Revolutionary America, according to some historians, European traders gave blankets infected with smallpox to Indians in order to impair their fighting strength.

In modern times, the precedent for using poison chemicals in warfare was established by France and Germany in the First World War. Thereafter, all nations involved in the war, including the United States, used various kinds of poison gases. One of the most effective of these was phosgene, a choking gas. When a gas mask was developed that could protect against phosgene, Germany introduced a vomiting gas against which the mask was ineffective. When soldiers tore off their masks in order to vomit, they were exposed to the phosgene in the air. Another poison weapon that by-passed the mask was a mustard gas; it produced savage blisters.

Modern chemical warfare falls into two broad categories.

In the first category are chemicals that exercise their primary effects on the human system. For example, hydrogen cyanide, cyanogen chloride, and arsine have been developed into gases, liquids, and solids for use against human beings. When these agents get into the air and are breathed into the lungs, they pass into the bloodstream, where they interfere with the oxygen supply, thus injuring the central nervous system.

Lewisite is another chemical agent which, when used as a gas, can be highly dangerous to human tissue. It is rapidly absorbed through the skin. In sufficient quantities, it can cause blindness and interfere with the functioning of internal organs.

The most revolutionary development of all in the field of chemical warfare has the code name in the United States of "GB." It is a nerve gas. It is odorless and invisible. It is easy to disseminate. It can be packaged and delivered by short-range, medium-range, or

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This article is a preview of a new book, "In Place of Folly," by Mr. Cousins, to be published by Harper & Brothers in September.

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long-range missiles. It can be spread over wide areas or used in limited situations by aerosol sprays. It can even be used in tiny dispensers of the kind that carry deodorizers.

GB, now being manufactured by the United States Army Chemical Corps, and, so far as is known, by other major powers, acts like a super-insecticide against human beings. Like DDT, its effect is widespread and almost instantaneous. Exposure to GB in gas form is lethal in a matter of seconds. A liquid droplet the size of a pencil dot on the skin will penetrate surface tissue and kill a man within ten to fifteen minutes. Respiration becomes erratic, followed by severe perspiration, vomiting, lack of bowel control, and convulsions.

GB derives its effectiveness by striking at one of the most mysterious and vital substances in the human body. For many centuries, doctors and scientists searched for the magic fluid or agent in the human body that enabled nerve signals to be transmitted to the muscles. The heart muscle, for example, receives a nerve impulse that causes it to beat rhythmically. Finally, medical researchers discovered this vital substance and gave it the name of cholinesterase.

Nazi Germany, in experimenting with insecticides, discovered some organic phosphates that were antagonistic to cholinesterase in the human body. The Germans called it "GA." When GA came into contact with the human body, either as a gas or a liquid, it struck at cholinesterase. This made it impossible for the body to carry out the various functions that are independent of the conscious intelligence. Its cholinesterase attacked, the heart would go into rapid constriction and soon stop. Even without respect to the heart, all the other functions the body performs without conscious instruction—blood circulation, peristalsis, digestion, cell reproduction, utilization of oxygen, temperature control—can be blocked by the sudden impairment of cholinesterase.

"I don't know about humans, but I find it difficult to breathe."

At the end of the Second World War, the Soviet Union captured the German Tabun plant that manufactured GA and moved it to the USSR.

The United States Army, which came into possession of samples of GA at the end of the war, went on to develop its own nerve gas, the present GB. In a given concentration, GB is up to twenty times more potent than the original GA. Utilizing a combination of organic phosphorous fluorine compounds, GB can create casualties even before its presence is detected. It can be spread in the form of poison clouds over large areas. These clouds can be created by missile release.

American military officials testified before a Congressional Committee in June, 1959, that, in many respects, GB is more effective against civilian populations than nuclear explosions. It has the additional advantage, they pointed out, of leaving the industrial establishment intact. Moreover, there is no radiation hazard for occupying troops or officials.

Testimony before the Congressional Committee also brought out that shelters, no matter how deep, could offer no protection against nerve gases. So far, no ventilation system has been devised that can filter out GA or GB. Hence, the shelters would become anti-cholinesterase death traps.

In the words of Major General William H. Creasy, former Chief Chemical Officer of the U.S. Army:

> If we go around gearing up our civil defense with underground shelters, to protect against the atomic bomb, and, instead of having the atomic bomb, when the guided missile comes over, it has a chemical or biological warhead, instead of saving people, you are guaranteeing sure death or sure sickness or whatever effect the particular warhead is designed to produce. As you go underground, you must have ventilation, and as you put in ventilating fans and air conditioners, you simply guarantee . . . it will go down that particular intake you have conveniently arranged and hit your citizens.

The second broad category of chemical warfare is new, having been developed only since 1955. These are the psychochemicals.

Psychochemicals, unlike the blood gases and nerve gases, are not lethal except in large quantities. They also differ from the other chemicals in that they seek a temporary result. The main purpose of psychochemical warfare is to change the human personality and eliminate the will to resist or the capacity to think logically or purposefully. Psychochemicals can produce confusion, cowardice, extreme submissiveness, and mental aberrations.

A parallel family of psychochemicals can produce

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temporary blindness or deafness, or general paralysis.

These various psychochemicals are being manufactured by the major nations. They are made out of various lysergic acid derivatives. Like the nerve gases, they are odorless and invisible and impossible to detect by ordinary means. Advanced forms have been created and successfully tested on human beings by the United States Army Chemical Corps, the leaders of which have advocated their use in war or situations involving the national security.

General Creasy testified before the Committee on Science and Astronautics of the House of Representatives on June 16, 1959, about the Army experiments. He reported that men exposed to the lysergic acid derivatives turned into cringing, confused, and fawning specimens. He also called attention to the fact that a cat in a cage with a mouse was given a minuscule injection of the psychochemical. The result was that the cat fled from the mouse as though in terror for its life. General Creasy stated that it would be possible to introduce such psychochemicals into a nation's water supply, affecting large populations. The drugs retain their potency even when diluted in many parts of water. Their strength is such that they withstand boiling.

Psychochemicals can be used with equal effectiveness either against military personnel or civilian populations. General Creasy suggested the possibility that an enemy, with thirty or thirty-five trucks operated by special agents, could circle all U.S. NIKE sites, spread the invisible and odorless gas, and convert all military personnel into non-functioning cowards. The same could also be done to government offices and places carrying out vital services. The purpose would be to paralyze the sources of decision and retaliation—as an immediate prelude to atomic attack.

The research objective in chemical warfare is exactly the opposite to that of medical drug research. In medical research, the aim is to produce therapeutic agents and minimize the undesirable side effects. In chemical warfare research, all emphasis is placed on finding the agent with the undesirable characteristics which can be controlled by the attackers, but not by those attacked.

BIOLOGICAL WARFARE

WHILE DISEASE and war have always gone together, the full possibilities of deliberate use of manufactured micro-organisms against human life were not systematically explored until after the end of the Second World War.

The United States Department of Defense has been undertaking extensive research in germ warfare. In seeking funds from Congress, CBR officials have expressed confidence that bacteriological weapons can take their place alongside nerve gases as cheaper and more effective devices against human life than nuclear weapons.

The central aim in developing micro-organisms for war purposes is to produce a virulent strain that can overcome the usual degree of natural or acquired immunity in human beings. Other valued characteristics include high-infection potential, fast reproduction, and slow rate of natural decay. Research centers have also been attempting to create mutant strains that resist counteracting agents such as antibiotics.

In general, five categories of germs form the basis of war by micro-organisms:

1) **Viruses.** Epidemics that can be transmitted in war through the use of viruses include psittacosis, Russian spring-summer encephalitis, Venezuelan equine encephalitis, influenza, dengue fever, Rift Valley fever, smallpox, primary atypical pneumonia.

2) **Protozoa.** Amoebic dysentery and malaria are among the diseases in this category. However, protozoa are not so easy to grow or transmit as micro-organisms in other categories.

3) **Rickettsiae.** Transmittable diseases in this group include Q fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, undulant fever, typhus. Manufacture and transmission of these diseases in war are considered attainable and realistic.

4) **Bacteria.** Among the potent types useful in war are those that produce plague, cholera, diphtheria, tularemia, anthrax, brucellosis, typhoid.

5) **Fungi.** The principal use of fungi in war would be against fruits and vegetables. However, human beings are vulnerable to coccidiodomycosis (Joaquin Valley fever) transmitted by fungi.

Supplementing these living agents are the by-products or toxins created by the micro-organisms. Some of these toxins are highly poisonous. One of them produces botulism poisoning.

The use of bacteriological weapons need not be confined to their direct effect on human beings. Indirectly, human beings can be attacked by transmitting disease to animals and plants, thus contaminating the food supply. A wide spectrum of anti-animal agents has been developed for that purpose. These viruses and bacteria can be made to produce hog cholera, Rift Valley fever, rinderpest, brucellosis, Newcastle disease, and East African swine fever, among others.

Biological agents that can be directed against crops include fungi, viruses, insects, and bacteria. The diseases they create include wheat rust, potato blight, and blast diseases of rice.

LeRoy D. Fothergill, special adviser to the U.S. Army Biological Laboratory, took part in a symposium at the 137th national meeting of the American Chemical Society in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 6, 1960. Mr. Fothergill considered the techniques of spreading infection.

"The overt means of dissemination," he said, "is aerosol spray in a biological cloud that is invisible,

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odorless, and tasteless. It permeates most structures, searches out and infects all targets permeable or breathing. It establishes new foci of contagious disease in animals, insects, birds, and people, and contaminates hospitals, food supplies, water, milk, kitchens, restaurants, and warehouses. The infection of an entire continent by biological clouds is possible under proper meteorological conditions.

"Covert means of dissemination through saboteurs are almost endlessly imaginable and nearly as endlessly practical."

RADIOLOGICAL WARFARE

NUCLEAR explosions have three primary effects: blast, fire, radiation. In the context of CBR warfare, however, radiological weapons specifically exploit the use of radioactive materials against human beings. Therefore, radiological warfare involves the dissemination of radioactive isotopes—not only through bombs but through non-explosive means or techniques. As in the case of chemical and biological agents, radioactive isotopes can be laid down in a wide variety of ways.

There is no difficulty in producing radioactive materials outside a nuclear explosion. Controlled reactors or accelerators can be made to yield whatever quantity may be desired.

Whenever a nuclear explosion seeks its principal effect through radiation rather than through blast or heat, it falls in the category of a radiological weapon. Thus, the inclusion of a layer of cobalt in a nuclear bomb could create a radiation hazard far beyond even that of strontium 90 or cesium 137. Radioactive cobalt can be produced in incredibly large quantities. If a saturating radioactive effect is sought over a large area, cobalt is one of the deadliest of materials.

Latest research in radiological warfare is directed to the development of a neutron bomb. Its purpose is to attack large industrial centers or cities, killing off the population but allowing the machinery and the buildings to remain intact.

Research has also been directed to the creation of tactical radiological weapons for use in limited war situations. By laying down a barrage of radioactive isotopes with fast-decay characteristics, it would be possible, for example, to keep enemy troops from using an important mountain pass for a certain period of time. The short life of the radioactive materials would enable an attacker to occupy the area at the end of that time without hazard. Other isotopes could be tailored to fit specific military requirements.

In any event, the nuclear arsenal of the United States and those of other nuclear powers contain a wide variety of nuclear weapons designed to meet a broad range of radiation requirements, all the way from a small effect in a limited area to a saturating radiological effect over a large area.

Moreover, radioactive isotopes can be selected according to the principal effect desired against human beings. The following chart indicates specific characteristics of radioactive materials in their effect on man:

Isotope	Part of Body Affected	Half-Life In Years
Cesium-137	Whole Body	30
Carbon-14	Whole Body	5600
Calcium-45	Skeleton	
Strontium-89	"	0.1
Strontium-90	"	28
Yttrium-90 and 91	"	
Barium-140	"	
Lanthanum-140	"	
Uranium	"	100,000
Plutonium	"	24,000
Iodine	Thyroid	
(131, 132, 133, and 135)	Liver	
Manganese-56	"	
Cobalt-60	"	
Cerium-141 and 144	"	
Praesodymium-143 and 144	"	
Neodymium-147	"	

QUESTIONS OF POLICY

MANY PEOPLE hold the view that CBR weapons are so horrible that no country would dare to use them. Even though various nations are manufacturing CBR weapons, it is felt that this is largely for the purpose of retaliatory warning. Supporting this view is the fact that poison gases were not employed in the Second World War, despite their widespread use in the First World War.

This raises the general question of moral restraint in warfare, as well as the efficacy of treaties designed to eliminate inhumane methods of waging war.

In 1899, at The Hague, many nations, including France and Germany, signed a treaty banning the use of projectiles filled with poison gases.

In August, 1914, shortly after the outbreak of the First World War, France used tear gas against German troops. France claimed that this gas was not lethal, being intended for harassment purposes, and therefore did not fall within the Hague Treaty. The next April, Germany employed lethal chlorine against the British and French. Six months later, the British retaliated with chlorine. Three months later, the Germans introduced phosgene, a choking gas. Shortly thereafter, the French introduced blood gases. The United States used phosgene in the closing months of the war.

After the end of the First World War, public revulsion and moral indignation over the use of poison gases resulted in an unsuccessful attempt at Washington in 1921 to prohibit all war gases. This treaty was blocked by France and did not come into effect. In 1925, however, a number of leading nations signed a treaty at Geneva under which both poison gas and bacteriological weapons were outlawed. Great Britain, France, the USSR were among the signing powers. Among those which

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ATQUE VALE

By JOHN STEINBECK

I AM constantly amazed at the qualities we expect in Negroes. No race has ever offered another such high regard. We expect Negroes to be wiser than we are, more tolerant than we are, braver, more dignified than we, more self-controlled and self-disciplined. We even demand more talent from them than from ourselves. A Negro must be ten times as gifted as a white to receive equal recognition. We expect Negroes to have more endurance than we in athletics, more courage in defeat, more rhythm and versatility in music and dancing, more controlled emotion in theatre. We expect them to obey rules of conduct we flout, to be more courteous, more gallant, more proud, more steadfast. In a word, while maintaining that Negroes are inferior to us, by our unquestioning faith in them we prove our conviction that they are superior in many fields, even fields we are presumed to be trained and conditioned in and they are not.

Let me give a few examples.

In the Alabama bus boycott we knew there would be no Negro violence—and there wasn't. The only violence was white violence.

In the streets we expect courtesy from Negroes even when we are ugly and overbearing.

In the prize ring we know a Negro will be game and will not complain at a decision.

In Little Rock we knew that any brutality would originate among the whites.

For a long time whites would not compete against Negroes for fear they might lose. It was said that their coordination—it was called animal coordination—was better and their physical responses quicker.

If there is racial trouble, we are convinced that Negroes will not strike the first blow, will not attack in the night, will not set off bombs, and our belief is borne out by events.

We expect Negroes to be good-tempered and self-controlled under all circumstances.

But our greatest expectation is that they will be honest, honorable, and decent. This is the most profound compliment we can pay any man or group. And the proof of this shows in our outrage when a Negro does not live up to the picture we ordinarily have of him.

With thousands of burglaries, muggings, embezzlements reported every day, we are upset when a Negro is found doing what so many whites do regularly.

In New York, with its daily reports of public thefts, deceits, and assorted political and fiscal raids on public money and treason against public trust, one Negro who succumbs to the temptation to do what many white people do fills us with dismay and the papers are full of it. What greater compliment can we pay to a people?

Finally, let me bring it down to cases.

I have children, as many of you whites who read this have. Do you think your children would have the guts, the dignity, and the responsibility to go to school in Little Rock knowing they would be insulted, shoved, hated, sneered at, even spat upon day after day, and do it quietly without showing anger, petulance, or complaint? And even if they could take it, would they also get good grades?

Now I am a grown, fairly well-educated—I hope intelligent—white man. I know that violence can produce no good effect of any kind. And yet if my child were spat on and insulted, I couldn't trust myself not to get a ball bat and knock out a few brains. But I trust Negroes not to, and they haven't.

I think so much of those school children in Little Rock—a small handful who carry the will and conscience, the hopes and futures of millions in their arms. They have not let their people down. I think, what quiet pride their grandchildren can have in them knowing they came of such stock.

And then I think of the faces of the mob that tried to keep them out, faces drooling hatred, cursing and accursed faces, brave only in numbers, spitting their venom at children. And some of those faces, masked, sneaking in the night to plant a bomb—the final weapon of a coward.

What pride can their descendants take in their ancestry? But of course they will forget, or lie, or both.

When Martin Luther King was stabbed by a hysterical woman, he might well have felt some anger or hurt or despair. But his first words on coming out of the anesthetic were: "Don't let them hurt her. She needs help."

Perhaps some of the anger against Negroes stems from a profound sense of their superiority, and perhaps their superiority is rooted in having a cause and an unanswerable method composed of courage, restraint, and a sense of direction.

At Cove on the Crooked River

By William Stafford

AT COVE at our camp in the open canyon
it was the kind of place where you might look out
some evening and see trouble walking away.

And the river there meant something
always coming from snow and flashing around boulders
after shadow-fish lurking below the mesa.

We stood with wet towels over our heads for shade,
looking past the Indian picture rock and the kind of trees
that act out whatever has happened to them.

Oh Civilization, I want to carve you like this,
decisively outward the way evening comes
over that kind of twist in the scenery

When people cramp into their station wagons
and roll up the windows, and drive away.

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THE 20TH-CENTURY DA VINCI

By EDMUND S. WHITMAN

WITHIN the next ten years man will no doubt conquer interlunar space; he will win significant battles against virus infections; he will of necessity learn more about controlling nuclear fission; technological advances still on the dream boards will move into production.

Why?

Because at last man has not only the urge but also the leisure to fit the curve of his aspirations to the upward swing of technology. If the decade of the Sixties offers unprecedented challenges, it also promises the leisure in which to meet them. This means that our leisure, in these times, should be interpreted primarily as leisure *to work, to study, to learn,* to engage in the search for the kind of wholeness Leonardo da Vinci sought and found in his time. For it is now becoming possible, it seems to me, for the first time in centuries to attain something like the wholeness of the Renaissance man.

Indeed, there is a special urgency about this search. The problems that face us today demand solutions that can emerge only from the broad philosophical outlook of the whole man. I am thinking mainly of the problems of outlawing the evils and passions and dangers of multilateral living—a challenge that surely deserves the best, most ingenious efforts of each of us.

One approach to this challenge is through communication with one's opposite number. "People to people" it was called in the 1950s, when we first started groping in the global direction we knew we had to take in order to stay alive. Lawyers then spoke to lawyers, bankers to bankers, stamp collectors to stamp collectors. Now the time is at hand for people of the West to talk to people of the East; North to South. We of the West must be prepared to exchange the fruits of our creative genius in production and design for some exposure to the secrets of the psyche under the tutelage of men of the East. And with the increasing swiftness of travel and communication such exchanges are becoming easier and easier for more and more people.

But if communication is to be truly effective, it must be based on a solid intellectual foundation. And the foundation that may have served a half-century ago will no longer do the job today. This is why I submit that we could use some intellectual exercises to strengthen us for the challenges we face. We need to outfit our minds properly for the journey through the Sixties.

There's a Spanish proverb, well known at the bistro level, which says in translation: "Health, wealth, and love—and time to enjoy them." It's the "time to enjoy them" that is important here.

"There is only one way to defy Time," said George Bernard Shaw, "and that is to have young ideas, which may always be trusted to find youthful and vivid expression."

This is pertinent advice, but let's also respect the remorseless moving finger that writes, and having writ moves on. For no matter how pleasurably our silly egos may bask in memberships and committees and marching in parades, the thing to do is say no. "There is never enough time to say our last word," observes Joseph Conrad, "the last word of our love, of our desire, faith, remorse, submission, revolt."

Yet as we learn to use our free time to release our imprisoned creative impulses, we soon discover that we cannot entirely disregard our next-door neighbor. The impulse to mow our lawn at dawn must be compromised at the peril of being hauled before the village elders.

And the classic champion of compromise is chess; there's something about its infinite combinations and its principle of compromise—of making minor concessions for the larger gain—that makes its mastery relevant to today's turbulent game of life, and ever-threatening death. Theodore Roosevelt suggested the compromise principle when he observed:

> There is a point, of course, where a man must take the isolated peak and break with all his associates for clear principle; but until that time comes he must work, if he would be of use, with men as they are. As long as the good in them overbalances the evil, let him work with them for the best that can be obtained.

Today's whole man should of course be whole physically to start with. And there's no better way than through games of skill and endurance, those that build body and spirit, such as tennis, baseball, golf, archery; sports like swimming, skindiving, and just plain hiking with an eye to nature. These are activities whose mastery one takes along into later life, rather than those based on bodily contact—football, basketball, bronco busting, boxing, wrestling. I'm aware of the man's need to prove himself, but I'm also aware of jellied brains and of kidneys that conk out years after the roar of the crowd has forever faded.

HAVING established a solid and sensible physical procedure, our whole man turns next to the mental. Liberal education, pursued in an atmosphere of leisure, calls for a recultivation of the skills of reasoning, dialectics, and writing. Thus Latin and Greek loom up once more in their true and permanent perspective. There's more than a modicum of self-discipline involved here, but think of the satisfaction of exploring the obscure world of forensics, semantics, the 'ologies.

Once the temptations of tail fins and television have been mastered, there lies before you the new joy of using your freedom to do your homework. You'll find the proper place in your study, your room, or in the lonely lighted office after day is done. Perhaps only in this austere atmosphere can you hope to learn the truth of George Saintsbury's admonition that "poor scholarship is the endless repetition of other people's mistakes." And you'd be in good company; for in just such lonely rooms doing *their* homework are the aspiring young cleric slaving over his sermon, the writer agonizing over his novel, and the nurse who dares aspire to be a doctor. If these are your kind of people and you want to be one of them, then you know of their lonely

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Three at the Outset

By Granville Hicks

I NEVER pick up a first novel without a feeling of respect for its author. I know that the chances are that I shall not be altogether happy about the book, but I also know how ardently the author has labored, with what alternations of hope and despair, to conceive the work and bring it to completion. And there is always the possibility that the novel will turn out to be an excitement, if not by virtue of achievement, then by virtue of promise.

The three first novels I have here are not going to electrify the world, but, in spite of their shortcomings, I have read them with interest, and each has given me some moments of gratification. They may not fill a reviewer's heart with joy, but at least they encourage him to go on.

Harper Lee's **"To Kill a Mockingbird"** (Lippincott, $3.95) gives a friendly but for the most part unsentimental account of life in an Alabama town in the 1930s. The narrator, Jean Louise (commonly called Scout) Finch, is writing of a time when she was seven or eight years old, and the book is in part the record of a childhood. Their mother being dead, Scout and her brother Jem have been brought up by their father, a lawyer and legislator, and by a Negro servant, Calpurnia. The father, Atticus Finch, is an unusual man, and their childhood is in many ways a unique one.

Miss Lee, however, is not primarily concerned with childhood experience; she has, in her own way, written a novel about the perennial Southern problem. Atticus is assigned to defend a Negro charged with raping a white woman, and, to the dismay of his neighbors, he really tries to defend him. Through Scout's eyes we watch the growth of resentment in the community, and then we see the trial itself, in which Atticus is inevitably defeated. After that there is a melodramatic conclusion.

Miss Lee's problem has been to tell the story she wants to tell and yet to stay within the consciousness of a child, and she hasn't consistently solved it. Some episodes in the trial and the melodramatic conclusion seem contrived. But her insight into Southern mores is impressive, and in Atticus she has done a notable portrait of a Southern liberal.

Philip McFarland's **"A House Full of Women"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) is also laid in the South, and it might be interpreted as a study of Southern decay, although it seems to me that decay could have taken place anywhere. Again we have a narrator looking back on his childhood: his name is Werner Sands, and he is remembering the horrible year when he was twelve. The time is 1942; Werner's father is in the Navy, and he and his mother and brother are living in a big, rundown house that has been made over into apartments.

To begin with, we see some of the other occupants of the house. There is fat Mrs. Locke, who teaches art, and Werner hears the sad story of her marriage. There is Miss Olive, old and nearly blind, to whom he reads the love letters written her half a century before. Then there is the one man in the house, Mr. Vickers, who cares for his sick and cantankerous mother and otherwise fritters away his time in a kind of decadent melancholy.

As the horrors mount up, Vickers seduces Werner and has an affair with Werner's mother. Werner's brother has already died. Word comes that his father has been killed in the Pacific. His mother commits suicide. At the end of the book the wonder is that Werner isn't a gibbering idiot.

That, of course, is the heart of McFarland's problem: how to make the reader feel the horrors he unfolds. And he hasn't power enough to do it. Scene by scene, the little novel is quite effective, but in the end the reader is simply numbed. The story is grim enough, but one doesn't feel it as tragedy, which is what McFarland was aiming at.

In **"A Question of Innocence"** (Macmillan, $3.95) Donald Winks tells two stories. One is the story of the narrator, Henry Adams (what a strange name for a novelist to choose!), and in its outlines it is familiar enough. Henry, as we meet him, is just returning from fourteen months in France on the G.I.

New Novelists Offer Their First Efforts

—*Jerome Yulsman.*

Donald Winks—"adroitly manages his two stories."

—*Michael Brown.*

Harper Lee—"her insight into Southern mores is impressive."

—*Loring Studios.*

Philip McFarland—his problem: "to make the reader feel the horror he unfolds."

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Bill, and he has had a couple of stories published in little magazines. He is determined not to go home again, home being Terre Haute, and he looks for a job in New York City. By a stroke of fortune, he lands in an advertising agency, and he gets himself a girl. The girl, however, turns out to be neurotic, and in time she leaves him. The job goes sour, and he quits it to save his self-respect.

As he tells this story, Henry is also telling the more remarkable story of the McClures, a wealthy family with whose members he by chance becomes intimately acquainted. It is a family with problems: Miranda and Thomas, the mother and father, are separated; Anne, their daughter, has been paralyzed for the past six years as the result of a riding accident; Justin, her older brother, is harassed and self-destructive. As Henry comes to realize, each of the McClures—and also Hugh Worthing, Anne's fiancé—is possessed by a deep sense of guilt. Henry does not pry into their psyches, in the fashion of the Jamesian observer, but their secrets are one by one revealed to him.

It makes a rather pretty psychological drama, this progressive exposure of the skeletons that lurk behind skeletons in the McClure closets. As Winks sees the situation, the revelation of truth brings no relief; on the contrary, the McClures are still going their tortured ways at the end. That is why Henry breaks with them: their "heightened capacity for suffering" is too much for him.

WINKS adroitly manages his two stories. Henry is interesting both as a person and as a type, and his experiences are not overshadowed by the more intense experiences of the McClures. The New York City background, from the YMCA in which Henry first lives to the smart bars he later frequents, is portrayed with a nice feeling for the special qualities of the city scene. All in all, it is a readable novel, with moments of insight that one respects.

It is natural to speculate on the futures of these three young writers. Winks could, I think, become a successful slick writer, of the Sloan Wilson variety, if he chose to do so. On the other hand, he might do better than that if he wanted to try. It is hard to tell where Miss Lee is heading: she might move closer to the tradition of Eudora Welty and Carson McCullers, or she might go on with the problem novel. McFarland has taken a definite line, and, if he holds to it, the only question is whether he will develop the ability to express fully his dark vision of existence. If he does, he may become one of our important writers.

CRIME AND CORRUPTION

The Case of the National Con Game

"The Operators," by Frank Gibney *(Harper. 275 pp. $3.95), catalogues the sins in what the author calls "The Genial Society." Howard S. Becker is a sociologist now engaged in studies of college life with Community Studies, Inc., of Kansas City, Missouri.*

By Howard S. Becker

THE RELATION between public and private morality is a fascinating subject of study. Society will allow substantial amounts of "immorality" to take place as long as they do not take place publicly. Once publicity's spotlight seeks out the immoral act, however, we begin to feel that something ought to be done about it, and generally something is done. Policemen make arrests, grand juries return indictments, juries convict, Congressional committees investigate; all the apparatus of law-making and law enforcement turns on the offender. But this happens only if there is publicity; if people do not publicly flout accepted moral codes, nothing happens.

The French sociologist Durkheim explained many years ago that violations of the moral code which become public must be punished if we wish to keep the code itself alive. Rules, once publicly violated, cease to be effective rules. Mr. Gibney contends, in his compendium of wrongdoing in America, that we are approaching some such state of disorganization. People publicly accept levels of crime and fraud so high that the distinction between them and moral behavior is disappearing. The "Operators" of his book's title are the vanguard of this quiet revolution, the men who have lost the sense of what is right and wrong and take illegal profit where and when they find it. The rest of us, who have not yet reached "Operatorhood," stand by helpless and unconcerned, made impotent by our entanglement in the bland mess of pleasure and security-seeking that Gibney calls "The Genial Society."

Most of "The Operators" consists of a cataloguing of familiar sins. Advertisers lie about their products and prices. Salesmen use various devices to sell unsuspecting suburbanites cheap roofing and siding at exorbitant prices. Sales contracts for cars, homes, and appliances prove to have hidden gimmicks to trap the unwary. Unscrupulous promoters peddle drugs which are claimed to, but do not, cut your weight, cure your arthritis, reshape your bust. Stock swindlers milk millions of dollars in worthless stock by long distance telephone. Bogus real estate brokers take commissions for sales they never make. People pass bad checks and make fraudulent accident claims. Expense account cheating and income tax evasion provide the substance on which many an executive's way of life depends.

Unfortunately, "The Operators" does not go very far down either of the roads that might have made it a worth-while

"This is X-236. There's been a big revival of Bertolt Brecht among the liberal intelligentsia. Shall I claim he took Payola?"

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contribution to the literature on such matters. It is not a serious consideration of the social and psychological conditions under which morality begins to decay. Such attempts at social analysis as are made are no more sophisticated than the textbooks which point out to college freshmen that a man may go piously to church on Sunday and cheat his business associates on Monday.

Nor is "The Operators" the kind of good reportage that is, after all, frequent in writing about crime and is to my mind one of the most enjoyable kinds of popular literature. Most of the cases discussed are familiar, and you will learn nothing more about them here than you already knew after reading your newspaper or listening to radio and television accounts. There is none of the careful detail that lets you see the operation from the criminal's perspective, then from the victim's perspective: we see things only from Mr. Gibney's perspective.

After reading David Maurer's description of the big con games, one felt equipped to go forth and do likewise. St. Clair McKelway's account of Mr. 880 provided a firm undergraduate training in monetary mischief. "The Operators" nowhere provides this kind of detailed knowledge and suffers thereby. Warmed-over newspaper stories are not a substitute for careful research, intimate knowledge, and clear, explanatory prose.

The big questions involved in Mr. Gibney's subject matter—how various states of public morality come to be and how the public morality affects the life of the society—are not answered by this book. But answers to questions like that come hard. A more limited and just criticism is that the questions are barely raised.

Hypotheses for Homicide

"The Mind of the Murderer," by Manfred S. Guttmacher *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 239 pp. $4.50),* ***and "A Study of Murder," by Stuart Palmer*** *(Crowell. 239 pp. $4.95), seem to agree that childhood frustration frequently leads later in life to violent crime. Ralph S. Banay, the author of "We Call Them Criminals," is medical director of the Civic Center Clinic, an institution for rehabilitation of offenders.*

By Ralph S. Banay

ARE WE living in a state of chronic emotional turmoil and fatigue? For a fillip in our feelings, do we require the tense, terrifying twist of homicide? Otherwise, why should we as a nation be so engrossed in the abstract idea of violent death?

Bookstores are gorged with mystery thrillers and other volumes dealing with the mystique of sudden extinction. An exciting murder case can actually eclipse international tensions in the news almost any day. Inside the prisons, among the convicts, murderers are regarded with deference, while in the outside world the life story of a killer makes sensational reading.

Murder is no more frequent now than in the time of Caligula, but there are more murderers. The circumstances of modern life give more people an opportunity to vent their emotions in an uninhibited manner and act out their hate. Of some 8,500 yearly homicides in this country the majority of the killers are juridically found not to be mentally ill. But can one reasonably assume that any murderer is a sound person?

Two recent books, one by a psychiatrist with long clinical experience, the other by a University of New Hampshire sociologist, appear to agree that early frustrations in the lives of children account for a large proportion of violent crime.

Dr. Guttmacher's "The Mind of the Murderer" is a good indicator of the usefulness of the scientific approach. As director of the Supreme Court's Clinic in Baltimore, he has provided psychiatric advice and guidance to the courts in their adjudication of criminal cases, and he has also served the broader interest of medical jurisprudence by accumulating knowledge of the circumstances of criminal behavior and by fostering therapeutic help for those offenders who may be rehabilitated.

"The Mind of the Murderer" consists mainly of Isaac Ray Lectures delivered at the University of Minnesota in 1958. The lecture format both enhances and detracts from the book's impact; its conversational style commends it to the general reader, but from the research standpoint the discussion becomes fragmentary. The illustrative cases, however, are vivid, providing capsule stories of murder in the raw that pale much comparable fiction. To these Dr. Guttmacher appends his analysis and comments on their medical and social implications. Only about half of the book is devoted to murder. The rest consists of a survey of discussions of the forensic problems involved in medical testimony in criminal and civil cases and in the privileges and responsibilities of the doctor-patient relationship.

Of the 175 murderers considered by Dr. Guttmacher, seventy were classified as mentally ill or seriously abnormal persons. The 105 other defendants were declared to be legally sane. The author acknowledges reservations about drawing conclusions from his data; the nature of the cases strongly suggests regional characteristics that would vary from a more universal sampling. A further reservation seems necessary in view of his emphasis on the role of frustration in the psychogenesis of murder. He gives only scant attention to organic factors, an area that other clinicians are finding increasingly important.

In "A Study of Murder" Stuart Palmer uses the sociologist's statistically oriented approach in his endeavor to identify and analyze predominant factors in the lives of people who have killed. His study is based upon the cases of fifty-one men convicted of murder, with particular attention to their environmental setting and the family influences that contributed to the development of their personalities. However, the study's objectivity is modified by the fact that it was undertaken to test the hypothesis that there is a connection between frustrations suffered in childhood and murders committed in adolescence and adulthood. Mr. Palmer does examine and discuss other factors in the total situation, but he does so rather cursorily, leaving the impression that the frustration factor is dominant.

From interviews with the mothers of the convicted murderers Mr. Palmer adduces some significant data: that twenty-eight of the fifty-one mothers reported childbirth difficulties, implying a chain of negative circumstances in their relationships with their sons; that nineteen of the sons had undergone major surgery and many of them had had serious illnesses, including fourteen who gave evidence of epilepsy; that twenty-three of them had suffered serious accidents, usually involving head injuries. By setting up a comparative control group of the subjects' nearest brothers, he shows that these casualties of childhood were markedly more frequent among the murderers than among the others. However, the hypothesis that Mr. Palmer draws—as in his contention that the earlier in life a frustrating experience occurs, the more likely it is to lead to violent aggressive action later—may be vitiated by the regional

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and selective character of his cases and the limitations of his research.

Designed for the general reader, "A Study in Murder" is built around the anecdotal stories told by the murderers in interviews. To these are added the views of two men: one serving a life sentence for murder despite his profession of innocence, the second pardoned after serving twenty years. Other case histories are interspersed, some with slight relevance to the book's purpose.

Both of these works give prominence to the hypothesis that the amount of satisfying nurture a child receives in early years is crucial in determining his attitude toward the world and other human beings. The inference is that denial of such satisfying nurture may open the way for aggressive and destructive drives that might eventually lead to homicide. This theory, widely current some years ago, bears a germ of truth. But in the light of comprehensive clinical experience it offers only a slender basis for a broad concept of the dynamism of the urge to kill.

It fails to give adequate recognition to other influences, not in the brief span of childhood alone but in the later years of adolescence and maturity, that affect the perceptive and reactive system of the living organism in its totality. Among these factors one cannot overlook, for example, the blight of physical and functional impairment and its interplay with the many facets of the cultural setting. Only a stereoscopic view of the individual person in his particular milieu will bring insight into the question of what it is that triggers extreme violence.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 892

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 892 will be found in the next issue.

O GIFT AIBLOBE,
PCQ O FGOBL
AMDTKP CBT CP
FGT RTDF CP FGTA,
IBE O LBCX
GCX RIE O IA.
—DIAWTK HCGBDCB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 891

Insincerity is merely a method by which we can multiply our personalities. —Oscar Wilde.

FICTION

Defense Against Despair

—*De Biasi.*

Ignazio Silone—wrote "a profoundly human story about people and their immense capacity for suffering."

"Fontamara," by Ignazio Silone; *translated by Harvey Fergusson II (Atheneum. 240 pp. $4), written thirty years ago and now revised, tells of an Italian peasant who finds in his own death a hope for his people's sufferings. Sergio Pacifici, who teaches at Yale University, wrote "Guide to Contemporary Italian Literature," which will be published next year.*

By Sergio Pacifici

"BOOKS, like people, die; only a few of them have a persistent life," writes Malcolm Cowley in a perceptive introduction to the second (revised) edition of Ignazio Silone's "Fontamara." It is significant that the newly organized publishing house Atheneum should have selected Silone's first work of fiction as one of its initial titles. Few books have been as widely acclaimed by critics everywhere as "Fontamara"; fewer still had, in the Thirties, a similar impact upon its readers, shocking and moving them. It is not an exaggeration to claim that Silone's novel is a classic, a book that illuminates its own time and man's condition.

Silone composed it in 1930 in Davos, Switzerland, where he had found political asylum from Fascist Italy. After several years of militant Communism, he had grown disillusioned with the Party; he was sick and restless. It was then that (as he wrote in "The God That Failed") "a time came when writing meant, for me, to free myself from an obsession. . . ." Writing, as he now states in the prefatory note, "became my only means of defense against despair." "Fontamara," after several rejections, was finally brought out in German, by a Zurich house. But the "story" Silone felt compelled to tell demanded that he continue writing. In 1937 he produced another remarkable novel, "Bread and Wine," and two lesser works. He returned to Italy in 1944, after a fifteen-year exile, an internationally known and respected writer whose work had been translated into a score of languages but had been read only by "a happy few" of his countrymen.

Since the end of the war, his *bontá,* his intellectual and political generosity, have immeasurably increased his stature. But the publication in recent years of two novels has failed to convert Italian critics, many of whom, unfortunately, agree with the acid comment made by Luigi Russo that Silone's "fame was acquired abroad, for reasons foreign to art." However, being human, critics err or may be deaf and blind to values that are not purely literary. Silone's books continue to be reprinted year after year, and surely this is an indication that they have lost none of their magic quality of speaking to men everywhere, regardless of national barriers.

"Fontamara" may not, I concede, surprise today's reader as it did in the Thirties. Few people now would lend much faith to the worn legend of the Italian South as a land of music, sunshine, heady wines, and sensual passions. A whole spate of novelists and newspapermen (from Alvaro to Rea to Dolci) have written with candor and compassion about the *Mezzogiorno,* its squalor, its hopelessness, its vast problems. Yet, despite the three decades that have elapsed since the original edition, "Fontamara" has lost little of its power and certainly none of its relevance. Indeed, in the revised form (excellently translated by Harvey Fergusson II) it is less the socio-political document it was than a profoundly human story about people and their immense capacity for suffering.

This, it seems to me, is the point of

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the book. Although "Fontamara" tells one main story and several incidental ones, it has hardly a plot in the traditional sense. The effect and poetic quality of the novel are in the stark simplicity with which Silone depicts his *cafoni* (peasants, with a distinct derogatory connotation), raising them to symbols of mankind in a state of perpetual suffering. The *cafoni* are the exploited farmers of the section of the Marse, in the Abruzzi, who carry on the burden of "a misery received from their fathers, who had inherited it from their grandfathers, and against which honest hard work had never been good for anything." They are the "men" of whom John Steinbeck wrote; they are the "doomed human race" of Elio Vittorini's "In Sicily": "a man who is sick or starving is more than a man; and more human is the race of the starving." In 1946 Carlo Levi in "Christ Stopped at Eboli" wrote about the Southern peasants:

> We're not Christians, we're not human beings; we're not thought of as men but as beasts, as beasts of burden, mere creatures of the wild.

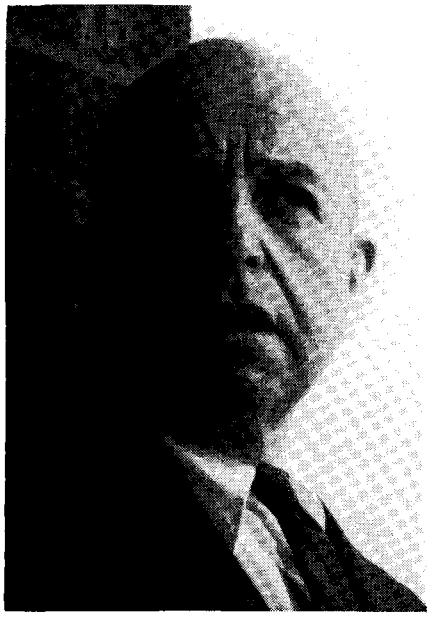
But if neither Christ nor reason ever reached Fontamara, history certainly did. Silone's tale recounts how history, and the political régime it produced, make the *cafoni's* lot more miserable by adding physical violence to injustices.

The story is told by a father, a mother, and their son. Through their narrative, stylistically and philosophically consistent, we learn of the extraordinary events of their town. And through them we relive the eternal cycle of life and death at Fontamara, where as the young become old, and as the old die, one exploitation merely follows another.

The hero of the story is a young peasant, Berardo, who goes through various stages, including rebellion against authority and acquiescence to it, disappointment and bitterness. His hope is reborn only in jail, where he is charged with vagrancy. There he meets the "Solitary Stranger," an underground leader whose name has become a legend for his fight against Fascism. Berardo's brief experience in prison persuades him that he must fight back against a tyrant who has allied himself with the Church and the rich landowners to further exploit the peasants. Willingly, and happily, Berardo confesses that he is the Solitary Stranger wanted by the police and sacrifices his life so that the battle may go on. In jail, he understands not only the meaning of suffering, but its necessity. Even death has, in its own

(*Continued on page* 37)

Coach on White House Sidelines



Jerome Weidman — "a professional of many parts."

"Before You Go," by Jerome Weidman *(Random House. 437 pp. $4.95), follows the torturous ascent of one man's career in New Deal politics. Novelist James Kelly is the author of "The Insider."*

By James Kelly

AFTER a dozen novels, scores of fugitive pieces, and various forays into the theatre, Jerome Weidman could thoughtfully be called a professional of many parts. From the brittle insights of "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" to the social comments of "The Enemy Camp," he has demonstrated a good journalist's ability to handle hard news en route to the heart of the matter. Unfortunately, not many of the professional parts are visible in "Before You Go," a novel which seems to have been written in the long shadow of Harry Hopkins and which attempts to show how a young social worker of the late Twenties and Thirties could become mixed up in affairs of state as an informal tenant of the New Deal White House.

Inevitably, because this is Mr. Weidman's way, the story moves by pogo stick between top secret huggermugger in London in 1943 and social documentaries of New York's lower East Side in 1926 and 1933. Benjamin Franklin Ivey—whom we see at the book's start and finish as a VIP in London—appears in supporting flashbacks as a scheming young man whose ambition outruns his ability and courage. At moments of crisis, whether he is trying to take over as head of a settlement house or undercut a New Deal boss, Ivey slips into a defensive coma. Only a peasant's remedy suggested by a drunken Italian barber named Sarno snaps him out of it, and the secret helps to bind him to the barber's beauteous daughters, Celia and Julia. Celia, the elder, he eagerly pursues, even offering to give her his good name when she is besmirched by another man. And Julia, the true heroine, pulls him out of several comas and gives him the courage of her love at the fateful 1943 meeting when Ben "Poison" Ivey holds the fate of the world in balance.

Despite such nostalgic materials and the broad base for Mr. Weidman's conjecture about the nature and obligation of leadership, many readers will find it difficult to find the form and motivation for this novel. There is an uncertain focus upon period and action and a romantic characterization of people who are for the most part *sui generis* and full of anodyne impulses (to use two Weidman figures). Not even the author's earnest effort to evoke the obsolete world of Sinclair Lewis, complete with high-flown sentiments and moralizing about the nature of the society we live in, can breathe much substance into a plot that is essentially unmoved and unmoving.

It is almost as if this novel turned out to be a long one because the author was too much in haste to write a disciplined short one. Would Benjamin Franklin Ivey's urge to power have been more suitable to the essay form than to the novel? One cannot quarrel with a novelist's impulse, only with his execution, and on these grounds it must be reported here that the redoubtable Mr. Weidman seems to have run out of gas—or perhaps rationed too little of it from the central pool which must serve his many projects.

For all its reliable ingredients, "Before You Go" serves as a reminder that

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a good eye, ear, and technical skill are not enough to send a good idea to its mark. Rumination and careful development are also necessary in order to reach the reader at his own credibility threshold and prevent random contortions such as this one:

> "What do you mean?" Julie said.
> "Mr. Ivey is not like the average run of humanity any more than Caesar was, or Napoleon, or, if you will, yes, Moses and Jesus. They were all highly successful leaders. That made them different from their fellows. Mr. Ivey is a leader. That makes him different from you and me."
> "To be a successful leader of other human beings," Colonel Uxbridge said, "a man must be to some extent inhuman."

Which comes first, Mr. Weidman: the man or the leader? In this convention month of our two great political parties, you could be blowing more smoke into the room.

BY THE SEA: "An innerwart is always worrying about troubles he can't see for sure, like maybe he's growing warts on his insides," explains one of the children orphaned by the creative life in May Natalie Tabak's first novel, **"But Not for Love"** (Horizon, $3.75). "An extrawart doesn't care when he really has got a wart he can't see. An extrawart says, oh, well, I'll start worrying when I get an extra wart."

Clearly, there is an oversupply of innerwarts in the East Hampton artists' colony, the scene of this witty, wise, and comic story of one climactic end-of-season week end. Of the eight or ten couples we come to know well, nearly every soul is in torment, chiefly over the possibility of being uninvited to some party which may or may not yet be in progress. The novel turns on the introduction of a dashing female stranger into the group.

From the outside, the brightly lighted house surrounded by cars may seem like paradise. But gaining entrance (by hook or by crook) is no guarantee of tranquillity. "Maybe real women knew something she did not," muses Joan Benson, one of the younger "young artists." "Maybe a real woman would be miserable in her place. Maybe she was miserable and too miserable to know it."

All these exposed egos, quivering with talent, vigor, and vulnerability, have offered happy hunting to other novelists. But Miss Tabak brings to her report a special mingling of mischief and sympathy which makes the lives of her characters—painful as they must be to live—much more than fun to read about. —HOPE HALE.

IDEAS

The Changing Face of Learning

"Authority, Responsibility, and Education," by Richard Peters *(Eriksson-Taplinger. 137 pp. $3),* ***and "Education in a Free Society," by Henry Steele Commager, Robert W. McEwen, and Brand Blanchard*** *(University of Pittsburgh Press. 62 pp. $3), examine the goals of education in the context of a fluid society. Paul Woodring is educational adviser of The Ford Foundation and consultant for its Fund for the Advancement of Education.*

By Paul Woodring

EDUCATIONAL problems can be attacked directly by improving the curriculum and introducing better teaching methods, or they can be approached in a more roundabout fashion through an intellectual analysis of the aims of education and the changing society of which the schools are a part. In these books a college president and three university professors choose the latter course.

Richard Peters, a professor of philosophy at the University of London, scans today's changing face of authority, evaluates the influence of Marx and Freud on the concept of individual responsibility, and examines the problems underlying a philosophy of education. He thinks it a mistake to characterize the present age as one in which authority has broken down; rather, he says, there has been a change in its nature. The father-image, mirrored in the authority of kings and bishops, lords and squires, has given way to the authority of scientists, who are only too willing to make public pronouncements about peace and war, ethics and religion. Peters is less than certain that this has been a gain, "for if the scientist can tell us what the causes of juvenile delinquency are, he can also tell us how people can be conditioned so as to behave like the men in [George Orwell's] "Nineteen Eighty-four."

The denial of individual responsibility, so clearly implied in contemporary approaches to criminology and social work as well as in education, is often attributed to the deterministic theories of Marx and Freud; however, Peters thinks both have been misinterpreted: he doubts that either intended to undermine morality by suggesting that men could not be held responsible for their actions. Still the change has occurred and one result has been that in education the emphasis on responsibility has shifted to one on "needs." This has often been used to justify a shift away from an academic curriculum, but Peters points out that "a man in the modern state needs arithmetic almost as much as he needs a bed or a bath."

In a final section of the book he asks, "Must education have an aim?" and concludes that limited and concrete objectives are preferable to high-sounding phrases. The three authors of "Education in a Free Society" prefer more comprehensive aims. Their essays, prepared independently, were first presented at the University of Pittsburgh as a part of the Pitcairn-Crabbe Lecture Series.

President McEwen of Hamilton College restates what is fast becoming the standard liberal arts college philosophy

"Don't call me. I'll call you."

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as enunciated by presidents and deans. He rejects the older view that a liberal education must be centered upon classical languages and questions the nineteenth-century view, still held by many academic specialists, that it must be defined strictly in terms of a limited number of academic disciplines. He prefers the broader and truly classic view that a liberal education is that which frees a man from narrow provincialism, pushes back his frontiers, and broadens his horizons. The academic disciplines are to be taught as means toward this broader end. McEwen concedes that the growing mass of knowledge requires adaptations and shifts of emphasis but the goal itself does not change.

IN a beautifully constructed essay, Professor Blanchard of Yale defines education in Aristotelian terms: the aim of education is to produce reasonable men. A reasonable man is one who possesses certain habits of mind: skepticism, reflectiveness, and impersonality. He asks "why?," he is not confined to the immediate, and he can control his passion in the interest of truth. "It is this independent, authentic, impersonal vision that is the true mark of the educated mind." Blanchard admits that these traits have no necessary connection with degrees and that they are totally lacking in some persons with many diplomas.

Professor Commager of Amherst would probably agree with these aims but he is more concerned than the others with the need for action, and has some recommendations to make: We must cease seducing students with false standards of social and athletic success; we must place less emphasis on teaching and more on learning; we can assure a better final product by the use of comprehensive final examinations; we can dispense with a good deal of administrative overhead. In a historian's account of the history of the university in the Western world, Commager points out that the great tradition of the university is urban and says that ". . . the urban university should abandon its sense of inferiority . . . in relation to its country cousins; cease sighing after green lawns and ivy-clad residence halls, and proudly avow its urban character and its urban potentialities." This proposal deserves further exploration.

If the purpose of a book is to make the reader think deeply about important problems, these are both important books. If the aim is to bring about a change in the existing order, Commager's chapter in "Education in a Free Society" is the one most likely to achieve its purpose.

Crusade against Complacency

James A. Wechsler—"alarmed at absence of passion . . . the want of conviction."

"Reflections of an Angry Middle-Aged Editor," by James A. Wechsler *(Random House. 245 pp. $3.95), scores the blandness of modern politics, the lack of the fervor that shook the nation in the Thirties. Columbia University History Professor William E. Leuchtenburg is the author of "The Perils of Prosperity, 1914-1932."*

By William E. Leuchtenburg

JAMES WECHSLER, editor of the *New York Post*, has written an angry broadside about the complacency of our times. He is alarmed by the absence of passion in political discussion, the want of conviction in political leaders, and the deliberate blurring of crucial issues. He warns that a new political type has emerged: "the adaptable man, unfettered by strong feeling and conviction and blessed with a flexible TV personality." Even the young liberal reformers seem to be careerists with an eye on the main chance rather than devoted idealists.

The politics of 1960, Wechsler writes, are the politics of "middle-of-the-roadism, a euphemism for going nowhere at a measured pace." Save for Hubert Humphrey, and perhaps Adlai Stevenson, each of the nation's leading political figures has demonstrated a failure of character, Wechsler argues. Eisenhower, who has drugged the country into insensibility, acted in a "craven" fashion toward McCarthy and displayed "moral cowardice" on civil rights. Lyndon Johnson characteristically confronts the most critical problems facing the country "without fear or fervor." Stuart Symington has maneuvered to vote with the liberals without antagonizing the conservatives, "which is another way of saying that he has somehow managed to communicate the impression that he doesn't feel very strongly about anything." Senator Kennedy was able to write a book called "Profiles in Courage" while ignoring the crisis of courage constituted by McCarthyism. Above all, it is Richard Nixon who "has converted lack of conviction into a pious faith." An "avowed believer in organized spontaneity," Nixon raises the question, amidst all the debate over the "old" Nixon and the "new" Nixon, whether there is a "real" Nixon, new or old. "One might say of Nixon that he is the most complete 'beatnik' on the political landscape," Wechsler comments. "In him the absence of conviction and commitment is most fully expressed."

Wechsler denies that the blandness of modern politics can be explained by the fact that we have run out of issues. He disputes "the view most commonly advanced by Henry Luce's publications . . . that America is so giddy a success story that it has rendered militant political liberalism obsolete." We still are faced, he points out, by the squalor of slums, the misery of the aged, and the inadequacies of our hospitals and schools. But, Wechsler insists, there are two issues above all which should call forth the same kind of fervor that shook the nation in the Thirties: the threat of nuclear devastation and the quest for human equality. Faced with these two challenges, how, he asks, can men say that there is nothing left worth fighting for?

Much of what Wechsler writes seems unanswerable, and some of it needed saying. Unfortunately, he is much stronger on exhortation and recrimination than he is on analysis. He seems unable to comprehend the political ex-

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haustion of the postwar world save as a failure of character on the part of Johnson or Nixon or the liberals or the American people. Nor, although he has heard all the arguments, does he have any sympathy for the rejection by the present generation of the arid view of man and society held by the 1930s radical. He seems to have little conception of a world that is not political, or of a meaningful life that is not an endless militant crusade. In this world young people show "signs of life" only when they are marching on Washington, and even William Buckley seems in some ways admirable, since he has an "unblurred position," and has "managed to stir some sparks of earnestness in some young men and women." It almost seems that the fact of participation matters more than the substance. Either people are zealous or they are escapist. The fateful choice for man is between "engagement and indifference," and "engagement" always means political engagement. Wechsler has only a passing interest in the quality of American life, which so concerned earlier radical writers like Randolph Bourne. He never seems to ask whether the chief reason for liberal failure in the past fifteen years may not be that the liberals have had so little to say.

All of this is unfortunate, for it limits the impact of Wechsler's main thesis. It is indeed appalling that the threat of nuclear war cannot even be debated without risking aspersions of disloyalty. It is humiliating to see the civil rights question treated with contemptuous reference to "the Negro vote," "as if only a few eccentric white men could possibly feel strongly about the subject of equality." It is understandable that Wechsler responds to such a political situation with anger. Yet to respond only with anger, and to suppose our present political failure is simply the product of a failure of character, serves only to create a fresh obstacle to the new political turn Mr. Wechsler so fervently desires.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"A GOOD HANDY FIGURE"

"Seven is a good handy figure in its way, picturesque, with a savor of the mythical; one might say that it is more filling to the spirit than a dull academic half-dozen." Thus Thomas Mann in "The Magic Mountain." Here are ten additional quotations, offered by Doris DeTar of Concord, California, in each of which this "mythical" figure is found. She asks you to give the sources. Answers on page 30.

1. She had three lilies in her hand,
   And the stars in her hair were seven.
2. There come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt:
   And there shall arise after them seven years of famine.
3. I am the owner of the sphere,
   Of the seven stars and the solar year,
   Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain,
   Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain.
4. I want that crude hard-fisted tale,
   Where seven more redskins bit the dust.
5. Here lies, but seven years old, our little maid,
   Once of the darkness, oh, so sore afraid.
6. We shall never understand one another until we reduce the language to seven words.
7. But mice and rats and such small deer
   Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
8. The sun
   Drew semicircles smooth and high.
   A week was seven domes across a desert,
   And any afternoon took long to die.
9. The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.
10. And one man in his time plays many parts,
    His acts being seven ages.
11. Seven cities warred for Homer being dead,
    Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.
12. In seven states he cut up dadoes.
    He's gone with the buffler and the desperadoes.

Made in USA

"America and the Image of Europe: Reflections on American Thought," by Daniel Boorstin *(Meridian. 192 pp. Paper, $1.35), takes the position that our culture is not so beholden to the Continent as generally believed. "America in the Modern World" is the most recent book by D. W. Brogan.*

By D. W. Brogan

IT IS usually a mistake to publish volumes of reprinted papers; there is seldom an adequate central theme to justify demanding from the reader a longer spell of attention than he is accustomed to give to a magazine piece. But Professor Boorstin's volume has an adequate central theme and it supports and justifies the separate pieces. Even the kindly but acutely critical essay on the search of the Puerto Rican intellectuals for a "national" history and culture is organically related to the main theme of this collection, the special character of American culture and the new solutions made possible and necessary by the American experience. So the Puerto Ricans, instead of trying to dredge up a "usable past" out of their not very exciting annals, ought to ponder the question of whether they do not gain a great deal from their historical "poverty." And it is suggested that one thing they have gained is the fact that their politics is only to a slight degree ideological.

So are the politics of the United States—and a good thing too. For Professor Boorstin attacks the now traditional habit of the American intellectual of using "Europe" as a mirror, either to illustrate what is right or what is wrong with American life, to justify regrets or encourage hopes. Equally, Professor Boorstin objects to the bulk importation of European concepts like the Enlightenment, to the explanation of the politics of Thomas Jefferson in terms of the books he read or the European ideas that inspired him. We don't, in fact, know what exactly did inspire him (we never do, even when we have the mass information now provided in Jefferson's case) but there is surely a *prima facie* case for suggesting that it was as much his experience as a Virginia planter, lawyer, and politician as his reading of Locke or Montesquieu that made the Jefferson we know (or think we know). And this is even more true of Franklin. However, we ought also to note that there was a two-way traffic,

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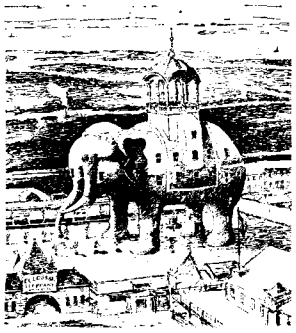
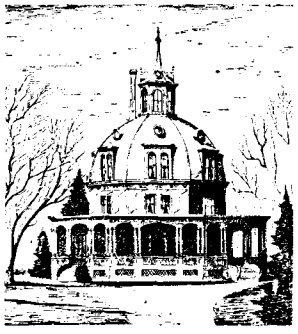
and I suggest that the idea of the Enlightenment does not deserve to be totally discarded. But it should be thought of as a general body of "ideals" to which the nascent United States contributed patron saints and practical example as much as it did "ideologues." Yet in their American way, Franklin and Jefferson were preachers as well as practisers. That few Americans thought like them, or thought *sub specie mundi* at all, is probably true; few eighteenth-century Scots thought in the terms of David Hume and Adam Smith, and Daniel Mornet in his "Intellectual Origins of the French Revolution" has shown us with what caution we should approach the ideas of the French Revolution.

PROFESSOR Boorstin contemplates more in sorrow than in anger (but with some anger) the constant setting up of the aristocratic culture of Europe as a standard by which to measure American achievement. And certainly a protest is called for both against the creation of absolute standards of esthetic value to which America must conform and the failure to notice the unique character of American historical experience that naturally enough has produced both different "cultural" habits and achievement. The American movement, as it is brilliantly put, has been "from product to process" and this aphorism in the manner of Henry Maine is admirably employed to illustrate the American, as apart from the European, idea of civilization and progress. Of course, Professor Boorstin never forgets that the Americans are, as David Potter put it, a "people of plenty."

It is at this point that I begin to wish that Professor Boorstin had reflected a little more (or had reported his reflection more abundantly) on the reversal of the historical role. Europe north of the Alps and west of the Iron Curtain is now filled with "peoples of plenty," with peoples that have had a great deal of their historical inheritance swept away physically or discredited morally. They are part of the new technological society of which the United States is the leader. If it is wrong to see in the American case a failure to adopt the "best" in culture, it is also a mistake not to notice how much the culture of the mass media or of a new, more egalitarian, more democratic society is spreading either like wealth-bearing waters from a great storage dam or as a carrier of cultural death. There may be a bit of both, but, in any case, the problem of the adjustment of the old European culture to the new "Atlantic" culture seems to me to be just as important as the investigation so brilliantly if rather one-sidedly considered here.



Elephant Hotel, Coney Island, about 1883.



Octagon House, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y., about 1860.

MAGNIFICENT MONSTROSITIES: The landscape of the United States is speckled with houses, hotels, emporiums, show places that were built to dazzle the eye. Bedecked with minarets, cupolas, piazzas, and pilasters, they more often than not resulted in their builders' financial failure. Clay Lancaster's **"Architectural Follies in America"** (Tuttle, $10) provides a handsomely illustrated record of these splendid curiosities.

Chadwick's Folly, Nantucket, was built as a gambling casino.

The Stamp of Hellas

"Humanism: The Greek Idea and Its Survival," by Moses Hadas *(Harper. 132 pp. $3.50), finds in Homer the genesis of the West's secular view of life. Stringfellow Barr, professor of humanities at Newark College, Rutgers, is currently writing a history of Hellenic culture.*

By Stringfellow Barr

MOSES HADAS's "Humanism" is Volume XXIV in World Perspectives, a series of short books by eminent contemporary thinkers on the problems of our nascent world community. Professor Hadas's task was to trace the pedigree of modern Western humanism back to its Greek origins. Despite the plethora of books on this theme, it was by no means an easy task. Aside from the embarrassments of any pedigree—such as those that go back to William the Conqueror but also, necessarily, to a horde of his less distinguished contemporaries—cultural pedigrees offer a special embarassment of their own. We human beings have never freely chosen our biological ancestors; no human being to date has even chosen his nearest ancestors, his father and mother; but within limits we do choose who shall influence us, and whether the influence shall be trivial or profound. Professor Hadas makes commendably clear that many Greek "revivals" are no more significant than furbishing the First National Bank of a small town with its due display of Corinthian columns, thereby authenticating it as a local temple of what has been cruelly called our contemporary "moneytheism." Or no more important than the Ciceronianism of a Renaissance papal secretary who took care not to mention the Holy Ghost and to refer to the Virgin Mary only as *dea ipsa*.

In anthropocentric humanism, however, Professor Hadas sees what he believes has been Greece's chief legacy to our own civilization. He notes that it was not until the fifth century before Christ that Protagoras formulated this humanism in its extreme form with his statement that man is the measure of all things; yet he undertakes to trace its implications from Homer onward. "Other items in our Greek legacy are only trimmings or implications of the central doctrine of man the measure."

Professor Hadas traces those implications in Homer by claiming for the early Greek heroes, notably Achilles, a ruthless self-assertion not apparent in

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Land with Centuries to Conquer

"Africa Today—And Tomorrow," by John Hatch *(Praeger. 289 pp. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.75), aims to be a guide to the Dark Continent's rapidly changing patterns. Professor Emil Lengyel of New York University spent much of last summer in Africa.*

By Emil Lengyel

A MEMBER of the "shadow government" of the British Labour Party and its Commonwealth Officer, John Hatch, has conducted many courses about Africa at the Glasgow and London universities. He writes in the preface of his book that his students have been asking him to recommend a simple outline book about Africa. "I have never," he states, "been able to discover a satisfactory book of this kind, so I decided to write one myself." While he did write a book, it is not a very satisfactory one. That is a pity because Mr. Hatch's heart is in the right place. He detests South Africa's apartheid, says nice things about some of the indigenous statesmen, and charges colonial France and Britain with having funneled inadequate funds into native education. But he has tackled an all but impossible task in attempting to cover thousands of years of African history in fewer than 300 pages. Merrily he skips through millenia and having occasionally omitted some basic facts in their chronological order he seeks to make amends on later pages. He provides half a dozen sentences for Liberia and one paragraph for Egypt, a key African country.

Apparently more at home in present-day British Africa, Mr. Hatch devotes more than a score of pages to the High Commission Territories of Bechuanaland, Swaziland, and Basutoland. For some inscrutable reason, he also discusses the Indian Ocean island of Mauritius, some 500 miles east of Africa, and even the South Atlantic island of St. Helena, no less than 1,200 miles west of the Dark Continent.

Discussing Africa's background, Mr. Hatch starts with the statement: "The most important single factor dominating the history of the African peoples is the isolation of their continent from outside contact." While this is true of the tropical core-land, it is not at all true of Mediterranean Africa. Some of the author's other generalizations are no more felicitous; for instance, his comment on the French: "It is significant that there is no word in the French vocabulary equivalent to 'self-government.'" He must have overlooked the word *autonomie*.

Mr. Hatch allots a dozen pages to Ghana, and they are not very well organized. Moreover, the country's dynamic Kwame Nkrumah does not evoke his unqualified enthusiasm. "When people are deported," the author writes, "lawyers barred from defending their clients, meetings of the opposition banned, trade unions controlled by the state, and opponents imprisoned without trial under the New Preventive Detention Bill, those most anxious to see Ghana become a full parliamentary democracy are naturally concerned." But Mr. Hatch concedes that since Ghana was established during a period of high tension, it is not too surprising that powers were assumed to remove "undesirable characters," some of whom were using not only their influence but also money to undermine the state.

To one African the author's unqualified endorsement is accorded, and he is the leader of the Tanganyika African National Union, Julius Nyerere, whom Mr. Hatch describes as a sincere young man, whose tolerance and good humor contrast sharply with the fanaticism of other politicians. Nyerere's policy seems to open the way to the creation of a new nation state in which all members of a many-hued society will be more strongly imbued with their national loyalty than with their racial consciousness.

All signs point to a revolutionary era in Africa, the author holds. The Africans have begun to move in the direction of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Europe, but, telescoped into a shorter period, their progress is bound to be more swift.

Red Shadows on the Nile

"Nasser's New Egypt," by Keith Wheelock *(Praeger. 326 pp. $6), reveals the dilemmas and difficulties with which those who seized the reins from Farouk have been faced. The next book by Joel Carmichael, a Middle East observer, will be "A History of Russia."*

By Joel Carmichael

ANY ATTEMPT to convey to a lay reader the complexities of an ancient country like Egypt is bound to fall foul of a classical dilemma: the balance between readability and pedantry. Keith Wheelock's new book, "Nasser's New Egypt," has struck an admirable balance. It gives an up-to-date and unusually comprehensive description of Egypt's present government while lightly sketching in the socio-economic background indispensable for an understanding of events.

The point of view is sympathetic to the new Egyptian regime, which is the uncontested starting-point in the analysis of the age-old problems of Egyptian society. Nevertheless, the book reveals an awareness of the opportunism inherent in any regime that has come into power through appealing to mass emotions by mesmeric promises of reform.

Mr. Wheelock has been to Egypt several times; there is an air of authoritative immediacy in his account of local attitudes. Far from minimizing the general plight the Nasser regime has fallen heir to, he gives us a vivid portrait of the practical difficulties being coped with by an inexperienced, rather callow group of idealistic reformers, who, like so many others before them, have found that the reins of power, once taken up, are just as likely to tug at the rider as guide his mount.

Naturally, Mr. Wheelock's journalistic approach has its drawbacks. A discussion of whether or not Nasser is a Communist is bound to falsify perspective if the question is put in exclusively personal terms. The real point has little to do with personal opinions (Nasser is not, after all, fundamentally a theoretician) but concerns the institutional complex available to any junta taking power on a program of reform sponsored by a mass movement.

In this sense the significant point is

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surely the degree to which Soviet-style institutions are an appropriate medium for the exercise of power by the Nasser junta (and all others like it). For it is in the conjunction of Soviet institutions and nationalistically-minded reformist movements that we see the most characteristic phenomenon of the postwar period.

These institutions are, of course, the combination of state-planning and the monolithic management of all public media against the background of a mass movement whose most important element is, perhaps, the allegiance of the intelligentsia.

For example, if ardent reformers take power in a backward country on a program of comprehensive reform, where are their funds to come from? The smallest project the new regime will be able to point out to its following will cost far more than can be found in any form of private capital. Consequently, any new regime of the Afro-Asian type will find it indispensable to take over the management of the funds necessary to ensure its existence. At the same time it will find it even more necessary to demonstrate the desirability of whatever it is doing —*i.e.*, to carry on centrally inspired propaganda of all kinds.

This then is the source of Soviet appeal: the Communist "ideology" being shipped abroad contains essentially no more than "liberal" or "common-sense" reforms. The charm of the Soviet Union for the emerging backward nations is the Soviet combination of institutional centralism plus the propagandistic-police control of "mass movement," whatever its composition.

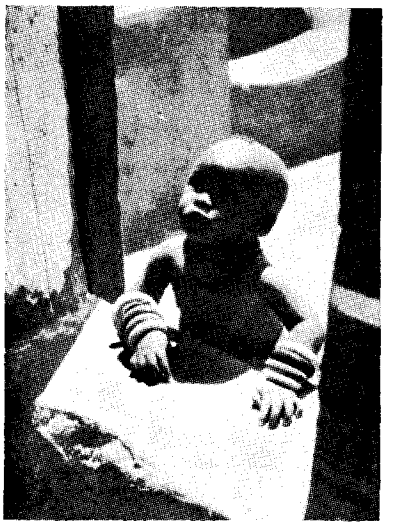
But, of course, if Mr. Wheelock had gone into that his book would have been overburdened by perhaps too dense a sociological analysis. By hewing to the fine line between the reportage of the living facts and their desiccated ideational background he provides a very lively account of Nasser's Egypt.

HEART OF APARTHEID: In "South Africa: Two Views of Separate Development" (Oxford, $1.25) S. Pienaar, foreign editor of Daniel Malan's old paper, *Die Burger*, speaking for the Afrikaner, defines the South African problem as a clash of conflicting nationalisms: "The demand of the Bantu for self-determination is an irresistible force, and . . . the demand of the whites for continued national existence is an immovable object." The only way to "contain these two forces" is "not letting them meet." That, he claims, is the heart of apartheid.

Up till now the tendency has been

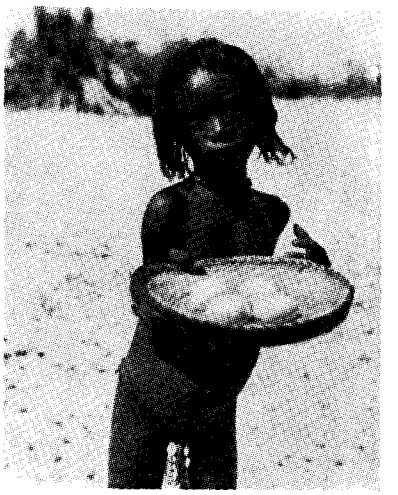
(*Continued on page* 35

THE FACES OF THE YOUNG from Java to Natal, from Ceylon to the USA, are photographed by some of the world's best cameramen in Hanns Reich's handsome book, **"Children of Many Lands"** (Hill & Wang, $5.95). Each of the 120 photographs – Henri Cartier-Bresson's saucy French boys, Toni Schneiders's round-eyed and solemn Danish youngsters, Werner Bischof's Peruvian flute player—capture the remarkable and universal quality of childhood. The reproductions featured here represent the children from many parts of Africa.

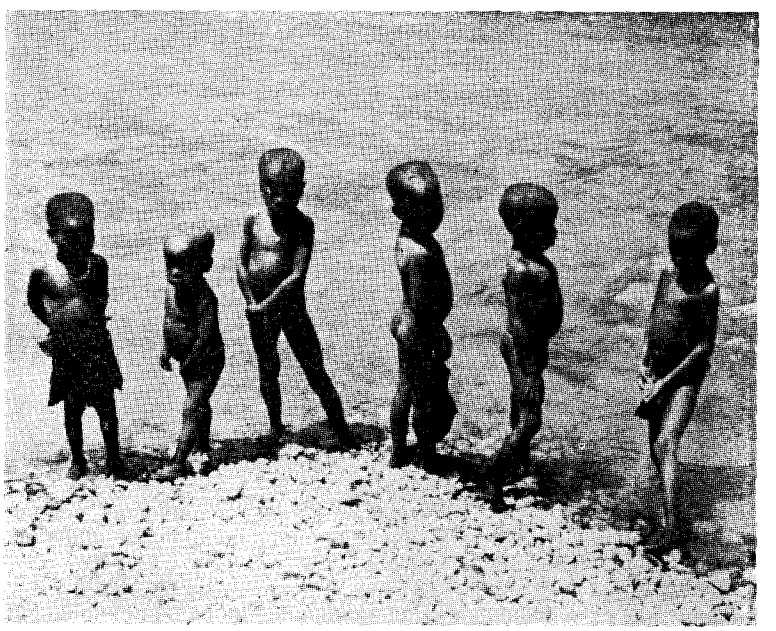


Transvaal, South Africa, by Hanns Reich.

Zulu dance: Natal, S.A., by Paul Amasy.



Central Sahara, by Dr. Heinz Schiffers.



Liberia, by George Rodgers.

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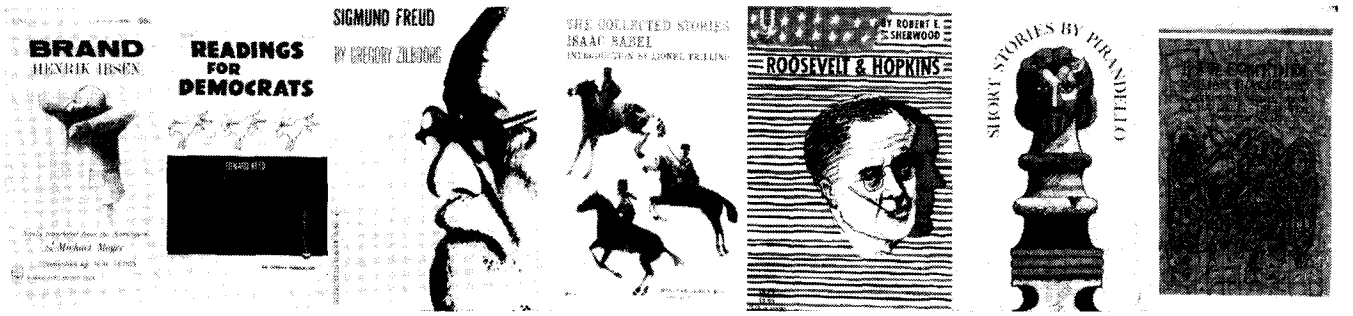

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

STRANGER THAN FICTION are the facts of Adolf Eichmann's life and his role as mastermind of the "Final Solution," the German plan for the mass extermination of the Jews. With the Eichmann trial now scheduled to begin in October, two paperback publishers, New American Library and Ballantine, have rushed to press with documentary accounts of *l'affaire* Eichmann. The facts, as presented by British journalist Comer Clarke in "Eichmann: The Man and His Crimes" (Ballantine, 50¢), pale the most chilling wartime espionage tales. Clarke, who interviewed countless people, from Auschwitz inmates to Hitler's sister, describes how Eichmann, disguised as a religious Jew, would make his way to the elders of a community and, speaking flawless Yiddish, would persuade them to give up a list of the local Jews. On the following day the S. S. men would appear for the roundup, led by Eichmann properly garbed in his Nazi uniform. "The Case against Adolf Eichmann" (Signet, 50¢), edited by Henry A. Zieger, could be a brief for the prosecution, composed of affidavits, statements by former concentration camp commandants, S.S. men, providing a record of Eichmann's progress through the war, his capture and escape from the Allies, to his dramatic return to Israel. In his introduction to the volume, Harry Golden writes, "Germany has always been torn between Beethoven and Hitler, between Goethe and Eichmann. But it is Eichmann who stands as the Nazi representative in the dock and when he pleads his case the Germans and Europeans must remember him before they find the memories of Goethe and Beethoven."

THE JAPANESE POET Issa (1762-1826) was, according to Harold Henderson "perhaps the best loved of all the *haiku* poets." As well as *haiku*, that disciplined and fragile seventeen-syllable Japanese verse form, Issa wrote an autobiography called "The Year of My Life," and he wrote it in *haibun*, a form that combines prose and *haiku*. Here is a sample we've been sent by the University of California Press, which has recently issued the little volume translated into English by Nobuyuki Yuasa. It's admittedly somewhat obscure: "The world of dew/Is the world of dew./And yet . . ./And yet . . ." It's a bit frustrating for us *haiku* purists to find those last four syllables just not there so we've taken the liberty of borrowing from Harold Henderson's translations and commentaries of "Haiku" (Anchor, $1.25) to offer one more example of Issa: "Plum blossoms swaying:/'Here! Here.' Steal this one!'—is that/What the moon's saying?" The translator of "The Year of My Life," Yuasa, was born in Hiroshima and studied at the University of California in Berkeley, where he recently won an M.A. from the school which did such a good job developing the atom bomb.—R.W.S.

FICTION

"To Be a Pilgrim" ($1.45), the middle volume in Joyce Cary's trilogy, has been added to the University Library, which already includes both "The Horse's Mouth" and "Herself Surprised." This one is by turns touching and hilarious in its account of old Tom Wilcher, who recounts his lifetime's escapades. Two other contemporary novels have been issued by Compass: Saul Bellow's **"The Adventures of Augie March"** ($1.75) and Graham Greene's **"The Heart of the Matter"** ($1.45). The first is a torrential novel that sweeps across the country and over to Europe as Augie, the modern picaresque hero, labors to find out about himself and the world. West Africa is the setting for Greene's story, which tells about an English police commissioner who yields to temptation and sin.

Among the numerous paperback volumes of short stories are **"The Collected Stories of Isaac Babel"** (Meridian, $1.55). Babel was a Jew, a Romantic, a modern Russian (born in 1894), a soldier in the Revolution, a first-rate critic. As a writer he was a chronicler of violence and cultural opposition. His traditional Jewish background, his literary abilities, and Communism eventually came to grips and in the late Thirties he was arrested and placed in a concentration camp, where in 1939 or 1940 he died under mysterious circumstances.

Where Russia was for Babel a scene of turbulence, of physical and cultural conflict, sunny Italy was for Luigi Pirandello elusive as life itself and for him life was a bed of disappointment. Better known in this country for his plays, Pirandello also wrote nearly 400 stories, twenty-two of which are collected in **"Short Stories by Pirandello"** (Simon & Schuster, $1.75). They range from comedy to tragedy and even the more humorous tales are founded on bitterness, irony, or frustration.

BIOGRAPHY

In her book **"Winston Churchill: The Era and the Man"** (Universal, $1.65), Virginia Cowles, whose friendship with the Churchill family gave her access to many private papers, has followed with love and reverence Sir Winston's long career. From his birth in 1874 in the cloakroom at Blenheim Palace, to his misapplied years at Harrow when his father warned that he would become a "social wastrel," on to Cuba, Egypt, South Africa as a war correspondent, his capture and escape from the Boers, his years in and mostly out of political favor, until the final call to destiny, his life is meticulously recorded in such a fashion that the reader is able to discern, beneath the heroic image, the face of a private human being. Another biography about a British Prime Minister in Hesketh Pearson's **"Disraeli"** (Universal, $1.45). "Dizzy," as he was known to both friends and enemies, had an "orchidaceous personality," a love of ornate clothes, of Byronic gestures, with wit and charm enough to captivate Victoria (and many less regal ladies). Pearson follows his hero's political career with care, yet it is Disraeli the novelist,

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the poetic temperament, who fascinates him, and accordingly, his readers.

When Isaac Deutscher's "**Stalin: A Political Biography**" (Vintage Russian Library, $1.65) appeared in 1949, it became the center of controversy. Deutscher was accused of being both a slanderer and an apologist, mostly because of his statement that Stalin ranked with "the breed of great revolutionary despots to which Cromwell, Robespierre, and Napoleon belonged."

Elmer Davis in his 1948 *SR* review of Robert Sherwood's "**Roosevelt and Hopkins: An Intimate History**" (Universal, $2.95) wrote, "This may be as near an approach as we shall ever get to a summary of the way things looked from the White House in those days." Since then there have been other books giving inside glimpses into the Roosevelt era but none have captured the rare quality of the Roosevelt-Hopkins relationship as did Sherwood, who was in possession of forty file cabinets filled with Hopkins's own notes and papers. "Roosevelt deliberately educated Hopkins in the arts and sciences of politics and war," wrote Sherwood, "and then gave him immense powers of decision for no other reason than that he liked him, trusted him, and needed him."

THE MIND

One of the most articulate spokesmen for psychiatry is Theodor Reik, who is himself a psychoanalyst. In "**The Secret Self**" (Evergreen, $2.45), subtitled "Psychoanalytic Experiences in Life and Literature," he relates some of his own cases to their literary counterparts, particularly in the writings of Shakespeare, Heine, and Goethe.

Gregory Zilboorg's "**Sigmund Freud**" (Evergreen, $1.45) is an attempt to clarify the ideas of the master with particular reference to the free association method of analysis used by Freud. According to Zilboorg, when Freud was asked what it was that he would consider the ultimate of being normal, Freud replied with masterly simplicity, "Arbeiten und lieben" ("To work and to love").

Freud's "**Totem and Taboo**" (Modern Library, 95¢), published in 1913, was a pioneer study in understanding the relationship between man and his primitive ancestors. Freud, in his discussion of sorcery, of purification and expiation rituals as practised by tribal peoples, sets forth the similarity between neurotic personality and the activities of primitive tribes.

Wolfgang Köhler's "**Dynamics in Psychology**" (Evergreen, $1.75), written in 1939 by an exponent of Gestalt psychology, is less for the general reader than for one who is already versed to some extent in the subject. Köhler expands his theories on the correlation between psychology and other sciences with emphasis upon certain unchanging laws that he finds applicable to patterns of mental activity.

Lucy Freeman and Marvin Small have collaborated in telling "**The Story of Psychoanalysis**" (Cardinal, 50¢) through brief biographical sketches of its most significant men. Beginning with the eighteenth-century Viennese doctor Mesmer and his theories of "animal magnetism" on past Freud to Adler, Jung, Ferenczi, the chapters provide a quick glimpse at the development of psychiatry. A bibliography is provided for those whose interest in the subject may be piqued.

USA

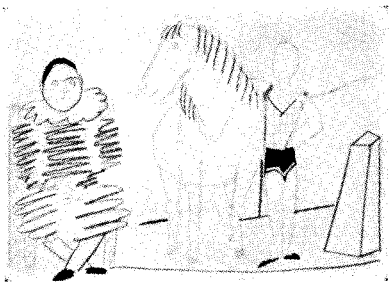
Two new books designed to aid the voter during election time are Franklin L. Burdette's "**Readings for Republicans**" and Edward Reed's "**Readings for Democrats**" (Oceana, $1.35 each), in which appear selections from spokesmen on the party's principles and policies. The former includes Alfred Landon and Jacob Javits, Lincoln and Dewey, as well as ample statements by both Rockefeller and Nixon. The Democrats' handbook samples opinions as far back as John Quincy Adams but it too focuses mainly upon contemporary party leaders: Stevenson, Bowles, Humphrey, and Kennedy are all represented, but not a word to be found by Lyndon Johnson.

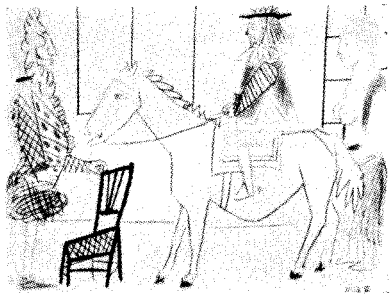
William Costello's "**The Facts about Nixon**" (Viking, $1.45), "an unauthorized biography," is a fluent, journalistic account of the Vice President's career. The author portrays Nixon as an able, intelligent politician, who knows how to use "tact, hard work, and good fortune" to best advantage.

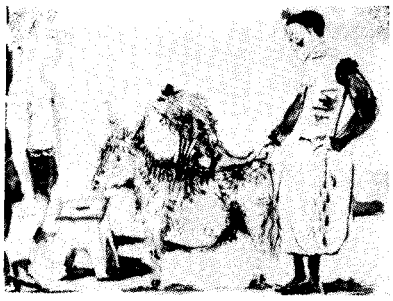
Three new paperbacks take an analytical look at American society. "**Small Town in Mass Society**" (Anchor, $1.45), by Arthur J. Vidich and Joseph Bensman, is a sociological report on "Springvale," a community of 2,500 in upstate New York, with special reference to the effects of modern mass society on rural ways. W. Lloyd Warner's "**Social Class in America**" (Torchbooks, $1.60) is an exposition of class order which exerts an "all pervading and exceedingly subtle but powerful influence" in all aspects of life. Everyone is neatly divided up and placed into proper classification, ranging from the old-family "upper-uppers" down to the bereft "lower-lowers." Nancy Mitford made it all seem much more fun.

The editors of *Fortune* have compiled a dozen articles which appeared in that magazine into "**America in the Sixties**" (Torchbooks, $1.85), which gives a forward look into the coming decade. The chapters discuss the new consumer markets ("increasingly shaped by teen-agers"), specific markets such as cars and houses, and more general trends in society, most of which seem glorious ("There may come to pass nothing less extravagant than an annual after-tax income of $7,000 for 45% of all U.S. families.").

"By grace of his insatiable zest for life Picasso is born anew each morning," writes Tériade in his preface to "**Picasso and the Human Comedy**" (Modern Library, $1.95), a series of 180 drawings which the artist executed from November, 1953 to February, 1954. Many of the ingredients are familiar—acrobats, monkeys, horses, clowns—yet each drawing is evidence to the freshness and unflagging quality of Picasso's artistic vision.







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What One Man Can Do

IN this era of multibillion-dollar military budgets and multi-megaton atomic weapons, a large percentage of the modest, constructive projects undertaken by average citizens have a way of being overlooked. As a result, many of us nurse the brooding conviction that there is nothing the ordinary citizen can do to change his world, a world in which he feels disconnected, helpless, alienated from the governmental processes which intimately affect his life. Fortunately, there are many exceptions to this general rule.

Consider the story of Mr. W. O. Biernacki-Poray, who practically singlehandedly conceived, designed, and obtained the support of the American and Polish governments for the projected American Research Hospital for Children in Poland. Not much has been said publicly about the project, but there is a fair chance that within a few years it will be regarded as one of the impressive symbolic ventures of our time. It is a venture which took shape because one man decided to act on his convictions.

The story begins in February, 1958, when three-year-old Christina Biernacki-Poray, of Montclair, New Jersey, was stricken by a violent, mysterious virus infection. The incident had a shattering effect on her father, a Polish-born architect now living in the United States. "The vigil of that agonizing night, the desperation of that longest night of my life," he later said, "brought to a focus in my mind the real need for a practical way to help the sick children of countries which, like my native Poland, had grossly inadequate medical facilities. Within three days my Christina was on her way to recovery. But meanwhile I had formulated the idea of building in Poland a medical center for children."

Mr. Biernacki-Poray's characterization of the state of medicine in Poland was hardly exaggerated. Describing the Polish scene circa 1957, Polish-born author Christine Hotchkiss wrote in her book "Home to Poland":

> In Infant Jesus Hospital in Warsaw I saw X-ray apparatus glued together with tape, surgical instruments black with age and still used in operating rooms. Few thermometers are available, one large hospital had only twelve to go around. . . .

Such medical conditions were not untypical; even before the devastation of World War II, Poland's medical facilities were inadequate by general European standards. During the war, some six million persons living in Poland lost their lives, and postwar boundary-reshuffling cost the country almost eleven million people and crippled its economy. Today, most Polish families live in one room, have no refrigeration, and share a kitchen and bath with six other families. Medical conditions are of a piece with this picture of general deprivation.

With this situation in mind, Mr. Biernacki-Poray went to Washington in the manner of Mr. Smith or Mr. Deeds. Soon, despite discouragement and extraordinary difficulties, he had pledges of cooperation from the U.S. State Department, the Polish Government, and CARE, and from John Richardson, Jr., an investment banker who had previously done a heroic job of obtaining American medical supplies for Poland. Senators Hubert Humphrey and Jacob Javits, Representative Clement J. Zablocki, Dr. Howard Rusk, and the editor of *SR* were among the many others who supported the project.

The difficulties were legion, but Mr. Biernacki-Poray kept moving. On June 17, 1960, the Mutual Security Appropriations Bill was amended to permit the expenditure for the hospital of $3,500,000 (tourist rate) in American farm-commodity credits on deposit in Poland. Construction will take about three years, and will probably begin this fall, after the Hospital Committee raises privately an additional $150,000, and signs an agreement with a foundation or medical center willing to supervise the flow of information between the hospital and medical authorities outside Poland.

The Children's Hospital was designed with imagination and loving care by Mr. Biernacki-Poray, who contributed gratis his services and those of his staff. The building is a low-lying, T-shaped, 400-bed structure that incorporates such modern elements as radiant-panel heating and cooling, and a circular dormitory designed to give the nurses easy access to their young patients. The hospital will occupy a high plateau just outside the steel center of Krakow, in full view of the city. The Krakow site was chosen because the city's population has more than doubled since prewar times, with little improvement in medical facilities. Another consideration was the fact that the Jagiellonian University of Krakow, the oldest medical center in Europe, is in this city. The Children's Hospital will prove an invaluable clinical and research component of the university's medical school; for this reason, completion of the hospital is scheduled for 1964, so that it may be presented to the university at ceremonies honoring the institution's 600th anniversary. The hospital is expected to have an ameliorating effect on standards of medical practice throughout the Middle and East European countries.

Not the least of the hospital's good effects is the positive encouragement which it should give to men of good will who are diffident about translating their beliefs into action. Gleaming high above Krakow, the American Research Hospital for Children may someday signalize to men everywhere the fact that individual initiative and dedication can have a positive effect on seemingly remote governmental processes. But whatever its larger implications, the hospital will be a reassuring sight to the parents of Krakow, and will certainly stand as something of a monument to W. O. Biernacki-Poray, who has shown us what one determined man can do. —HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CASE FOR THE DEFENSE

I HAVE BEEN astonished to read in Maxwell Geismar's article on Sinclair Lewis [*SR*, June 25] a reference to Moral Re-Armament which placed this inspiring and highly effective movement in the "lunatic fringe in American religious activity" with "the orgiastic sects of the Bible belt," as expressions of "prejudice and fanaticism or of commercialized and mass-minded revivalism."

Granted that Mr. Geismar may not have known any better, is it possible that the staff of so generally well-informed a magazine as *SR* would be ignorant of a movement to which Chancellor Adenauer has repeatedly paid tribute for its part in the reduction of Communist power in the Ruhr and the development of the epoch-making rapprochement of France and Germany? It was for this achievement that the German government bestowed its coveted Order of Merit on Dr. Frank Buchman, MRA's founder and leader.

Besides Dr. Adenauer, outstanding men and women in many countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa—statesmen, editors, scientists, men of letters, industrialists, labor leaders, etc.—are supporting MRA as a kind of last hope of sanity and even of survival in a morally chaotic world. Gabriel Marcel, French philosopher, dramatist, and a member of the Institut de France, is not the sort of man likely to go off the deep end in support of such religious aberrations as those with which Mr. Geismar brackets Moral Re-Armament. Mr. Marcel carried the torch of MRA in many nations across the world, and himself contributed a brilliant introduction to it, telling why he has fully committted himself to the movement. The book "Fresh Hope for the World" has been published in an English translation by Longmans, Green & Co. Perhaps members of your staff should read it, in order to save *SR* from publishing another such libelous and inexcusable boner as Mr. Geismar's.

HERMANN HAGEDORN.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

KNIGHT FLIGHT?

ARTHUR KNIGHT'S rave-view of "Elmer Gantry" [*SR*, June 25] strikes me as being either misplaced press-agentry or fuzzy thinking. Regardless of the appropriateness of Lewis's anti-hypocrisy venom as applied to the "religious" scene, a conscientious critic should have some qualms about condoning a movie's radical departure from the book whose title it's labeled with. The only way a movie-garbled version of a novel can "rise higher than its source" is by being wafted up with critical hot air.

DAVID ZACK.

Mayaguez, Puerto Rico

ALTHOUGH I HAVE not had an opportunity to see the picture, the impression I get from Arthur Knight's review of "Elmer Gantry" is that director Richard Brooks has faithfully conveyed everything except Sinclair Lewis's intention.

MILTON H. ANDERSON.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Every time we conquer a country now we make them citizens. In no time a Roman will have no more status than an ordinary human being."

POLITICAL PARADOX

IN THEODORE H. WHITE'S most illuminating (and sobering) reflections on the plight of the Republican Party [*SR*, June 11 and 18], he writes that "their last great resource" is "their dominance in the vast arena of communications," i.e., TV, radio, press, and the rest. Much weight appears to attach to this premise.

I find it hard to understand why access to mass communication should be restricted to Republicans. Is it because of the cost, which is quietly borne by industry or other wealthy interests? If so, is it true *per contra* that Democratic institutions cannot meet the ante? Moreover, if we are to accept the balance of Mr. White's thesis—that the Republicans are losing ground by a relentless process of attrition—would not a reasonable corollary assumption be that the Democrats are gaining, in all areas (including big business and big money), what the Republicans are losing?

L. F. SOUTHWICK.

Wallingford, Conn.

GOALS AND GUITARS

GEORGE GERBNER'S "The Individual in a Mass Culture" [*SR*, June 18] aroused varying emotions in the mind of this teen-ager. At first I was entirely on the defensive. When he writes of the tremendous buying power of American teen-agers, I wonder if he takes into consideration that there are many of us who use our money for higher education, for books, for good magazines, and for pursuing our cultural interests through concerts and lectures. Not all of us squeal and drool over the trash served us by "men with guitars" but instead thrill to the music of Leonard Bernstein and Arturo Toscanini.

After these thoughts had died down, I began to wonder what hope there is for us who will soon inherit a world in which the individual will have great struggles against mass production. Ranging all the way from the clothes we wear to the thoughts we think, this mass culture and mass production can, if allowed, rule our lives. As Mr. Gerbner writes, "There, by the grace of mass culture, goes a challenge to all of us." This is especially a challenge to American youth.

ALICE DAVIS.

Perrysburg, O.

WRONG ADDRESS

ALL OF US here are immensely pleased with the review of Charles de Tolnay's study of Michelangelo [*SR*, May 21]. There is, however one error in fact—the statement that Mr. de Tolnay is "currently associated with the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton." He has had no connection with the Institute for some years but has been teaching at Columbia University and has been able to pursue his research on Michelangelo through financial assistance of the Bollingen and Guggenheim foundations.

HARRIET ANDERSON,
Princeton University Press.

Princeton, N. J.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Shakespeare Hywet

AKRON, OHIO.

IN WALES the words *stan hywet* mean "the stone is here." In the Akron-Cleveland area Stan Hywet is known as the name of the fabulous stone manor house built by the Seiberling family and now left as a museum. But this summer it will become known to theatre fans all around the country as the home of a new Shakespeare Festival. For against the background of this impressive building is being played nightly the Shakespeare history cycle that includes "Richard II," "Henry IV, Parts 1 and 2," and "Henry V." The professional project is administered by Arthur Lithgow, whose enthusiasm previously erupted in Yellow Springs, Ohio, in the form of an Antioch Festival that within a period of five summers presented all thirty-seven of Shakespeare's plays.

While Mr. Lithgow has not yet been able to convince many of Akron's industrial executives of the value of making such an annual event available to their culturally thirsty employees, he has been able to find enough civic-minded citizenry to raise a small production budget which permits him to mount the four plays with a professional company, but which also requires that each play be rehearsed for only one week. Fortunately, Mr. Lithgow has a proven talent for finding good unknown directors, and in this case has encouraged a young man named Edward Call to round up an excellent company of young actors for the project. Thanks to their intelligence and vigor, the first Stan Hywet Shakespeare Festival had a most successful launching with its opening production of "Richard II."

The notion of doing the four chronologically consecutive plays as a tetralogy has, I think, helped considerably by giving the company a point of view against which to determine their approach to any given line or scene. For when any one of these four plays is performed by itself, it tends to become the tale of an individual hero or tragic figure. But here the events of each play are only a part of a larger design. In that design we see the deposing of a king (whose position was supposed to be divinely assured) as it throws a whole nation into chaos, opportunism, and slackness, and we then watch that nation find its way back to health and divinely blessed kingship again.

Thus, in this first of the four, we see Richard less as an indolent weakling than as a spokesman for the divine right of kings. A badly advised and unjust king may, according to Shakespeare, be preferable to a usurper, because the usurpation debases the idea of kingship that causes even the least capable holders of the office to attempt to live up to its responsibilities.

The title role is played by Donald Moffat, a young English actor with a resemblance to Alec Guinness, who speaks well the beautiful speeches Shakespeare has written for the deposed Richard. While he does not fully escape the dangers of subjective self-pity in the part, he proves that he is capable of a completely absorbing performance in one thoughtful and objective speech. Addressing that "ladder wherewithal," Northumberland, he says with knifelike penetration, "Thou shalt think though he [Bolingbroke] divide the realm and give thee half it is too little, helping him to all. And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way to plant unrightful kings will know again, being ne'er so little urged, another way to pluck him headlong from the usurped throne."

Opposing him as the usurping Bolingbroke is Lee Henry, a strong and forceful actor who is at his best when he is not overscowling his belligerence. And two young actors performing aged characters give colorful performances. Edward Ruta plays the dying John of Gaunt with bitter sorrow, and Stanley Jay gets considerable comedy out of the Duke of York by stressing his senility.

All in all, this is an astonishingly good production, better indeed than many that have rehearsed a month with more experienced personnel. Certainly anyone driving through the Akron-Cleveland area will find it memorable to see both Shakespeare's play of deposed royalty and Stan Hywet Hall, which recalls a more recent grandeur. And for real theatre fans, the opportunity of attending all four plays of this tetralogy consecutively (August 1, 2, 3, and 4, and August 4, 5, and matinee and evening of August 6) should not be overlooked.

BACK in New York, there was additional support for the notion that Shakespeare thrives when played by young actors working more to breathe life into the play than to arrive at showy individual performances. Under the direction of Joseph Papp, the New York Shakespeare Festival opened its fifth season of free-of-charge Shakespeare with "Henry V." The production opens on the Central Park skyline stage with Leonard Cimino, who plays Chorus leaning on a crutch. This touch immediately tells us that the harsh realities of war as well as its happy outcome will be presented. And in the first scene we meet James Ray (who resembles Rudy Vallee), as a Henry not so much angered by France as determined to carry out God's will and somehow to restore divinity to the crown which had come down to him through usurpation once removed.

The performers move quickly and without circumlocution through the action. While some of it is uneven, and a flashpowder cannon even laughable, there are moments superbly played, such as the scene in which Kathy Widdoes as the French princess shows a hilarious pride in her ability to learn some horrendously mispronounced English, and the one in which Robert Kidd as the cruelly witty French Constable insults the Dauphin with devastating humor. But the finest thing in this production is the night-before-the-battle scene. Here the mood is subdued, so that the conversation between the soldiers and the disguised king creates not just the special atmosphere of the Battle of Agincourt, but the universal atmosphere of all soldiers in all wars. Whatever is said seems to come not from the actors but from ourselves in them.

—HENRY HEWES.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Blessed Damozel" (Rossetti). 2. Genesis xli, 29, 30. 3. "History" (Emerson). 4. "And Seven More Redskins Bit the Dust" (Quincy Kilby). 5. "An Epitaph" (De la Mare). 6. "Sand and Foam" (Kahlil Gibran). 7. "King Lear" (Shakespeare). 8. "The Difference" (Mark Van Doren). 9. Proverbs xxvi, 16. 10. "As You Like It" (Shakespeare). 11. "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells" (Thomas Heywood). 12. "Jesse James" (William Rose Benét)

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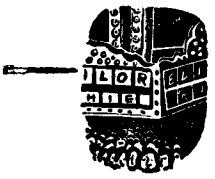


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Summer Travels

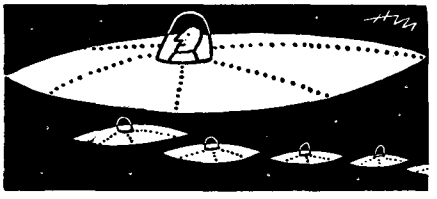
EVER since "So Big" and "Show Boat" hit pay-dirt, Edna Ferber has been finding ways to tell essentially the same story against different backgrounds – Oklahoma in the land-rush days, Texas in the oil-rush days, and now, in **"Ice Palace,"** Alaska in its rush for statehood. Whatever the background, Miss Ferber has managed to discover there a strong, suffering woman who looks on while two or three generations squabble and hate, and ultimately, through her wise, patient intervention, achieve a reconciliation just as the territory achieves statehood. Needless to say, this mingling of history and bittersweet romance, successful enough in book form, has proven irresistible to the movie companies. Her tear-drenched pages hold all the ingredients for what the industry calls, quite respectfully, a "woman's picture." Which means that the theatres will be filled for the matinees.

"Ice Palace" will probably click along to the same silvery jingle as its predecessors. True, director Vincent Sherman lacks the finesse that George Stevens brought to "Giant," and the story itself lacks both the tenderness of "Show Boat" and the sweep of "Cimarron." Nevertheless, the color is there—the early canneries in Alaska, employing slavelike coolie labor; glimpses of life on the tiny fishing boats; the fight between the independent fishermen and the large canneries, with their factory-owned fish traps; handsome shots of the snowbound Alaskan forests and mountains; and even some suggestion of why it took so long to turn Alaska into the forty-ninth state. (Richard Burton, the cannery "czar," feared that he would have to pay more taxes and that his high-handed operations would be more closely scrutinized once Alaska joined the Union.)

More than in any other Ferber story, one feels that in "Ice Palace" he is looking at history through the wrong end of a telescope. But it is probably this very factor that will commend the film most strongly to the matinee trade. Instead of Alaska in the foreground, there is Burton, and Carolyn Jones, and Robert Ryan—two men and a girl. Friends at first, the two men become rivals for Miss Jones's affections, then deadly political rivals as well. And for the next forty years, they slug it out (often quite literally), with Miss Jones wringing her hands and attempting a reconciliation – and remaining withal sleek, trim, and attractive enough to stir romantic notions in any but the two lunkheads to whom she has devoted her life. The large cast of young people serves mainly, if briefly, to populate the three generations through which the Burton-Ryan feud is traced.

IF an air-conditioned trip to Alaska seems a pleasing prospect for a hot summer afternoon, how about a journey through time to the year A.D. 802,701? The vehicle is H. G. Wells's **"Time Machine,"** skilfully brought to the screen by George Pal, long a specialist in trick cinematic effects. Happily, Mr. Pal has considerably more to offer than simply a diverting bag of tricks; for Wells's extraordinary novel, written in 1895, raised the philosophic question "Can man control his own destiny?" and answered it with a resounding affirmative. David Duncan, the adapter, has taken the liberty of dropping off the Time Traveller in war-torn London of 1917, 1940, and again (prophetically) in 1966, before shooting him ahead to the post-atomic age of the Eloi and the Morlocks so graphically described by Wells.

The Eloi, a happy, beautiful, child-like people, are the Time Traveller's despair. The inquiring mind, the spirit of humanity, even the instinct for self-preservation have been lost to them.



They are the slaves of the Morlocks, frightful underworld creatures who run the machines and live on human flesh. But the Time Traveller, discovering that there is still the spark of resistence in the Eloi, determines to stick around and fan it until they are full-fledged humans again. The cast, headed by Rod Taylor, Alan Young, and Yvette Mimieux, is modest and competent; the effects are eye-filling; and the Time Machine itself, a glowing bit of *art nouveau* knickknackery, bears the appropriate inscription on its control panel, "Patented by H. George Wells."

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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The Search for Masterpieces

PEOPLE generally think of art curators as lecturers, writers, or entrepreneurs of popular exhibitions, but though these are pressing duties, they are not prime responsibilities. To add astutely to an already existing museum collection and at the same time to be responsible for the care and preservation of its works of art are the two chief functions of any curator. As a rule, American museums add to their collections through purchase or gift. What imponderables establish the buying policies of a given institution depend on many factors: on its physical size and wealth, on the magnitude and character of its collections (with lacks and concentrations carefully noted), on the possibility of future gifts from devoted patrons, and—most persuasive—on the availability of outstanding works for purchase.

No museum in America (except private institutions established as self-contained monuments and usually endowed by an individual or a single family) are worth their salt if the refining and, in many cases, the expanding of their collections are not paramount objectives. For in this country our museums are comparatively young, having enjoyed neither adequate time nor opportunity to cover fully the whole gamut of art. During recent years there has been a tendency to overstress certain extracurricular activities like temporary exhibitions, wholesale educational devices, attractive lunch rooms, and publicity gimmicks, but in the long run nothing ever compensates for the quality and scope of a great collection. Works of art are the core of our institutions; everything else, no matter how enlivening or illuminating, must be subservient, or what purports to be an art museum is in fact only an art center. It has become suspect these days to consider museums as repositories for works of art. This, however, is precisely what they are, though there is no reason to exclude other more palatable activities, provided these do not interfere with the necessary research, expense, and time required by an intelligent purchase and conservation program.

THROUGHOUT the world today there is strong competition for paintings of the last hundred years. Though the old masters are less widely sought after by private collectors, museums vie strenuously with each other in this field. But there are very few institutions in America or abroad that can hope to challenge Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum when it goes after a work of importance. Moreover, because of this institution's stature and wealth, it is frequently approached first when a rare and costly masterpiece is available. Yet this advantage does not make less admirable the imagination and courage with which the Metropolitan has recently been acquiring illustrious paintings.

Theodore Rousseau, Jr., curator of paintings, has wisely observed that his museum need not compete in what presently is the most sought-after field, referring, of course, to the impressionists and postimpressionists, both of which are amply represented at the Metropolitan, thanks particularly to the Havermeyer collection. He has fortunately been free to expand an already enviable group of old master paintings, judiciously stressing superlative quality rather than expedient quantity. To buy one great work of art is more memorable than to fill numerous gaps with typical but often innocuous examples of well-known names.

In the last few years three works of consummate importance have been purchased by the Metropolitan: the Merode Altarpiece, which certain experts consider the finest single art buy of the last several decades; "Saint John's Vision of the Mysteries of the Apocalypse," by El Greco, and Georges de La Tour's spectacular "Fortune Teller." Each of these costly acquisitions presented a different problem, and each, it seems to me, answered a positive need. Of the three, the peerless fifteenth-century triptych by the Master of Flémalle, which was acquired for the Cloisters, is

Lapse

By Horace E. Hamilton

I'D gone in that bright first Saturday
Forgetting there was no class, nothing
Except vacation. I felt tricked, packing
My notes again, yet content to sit and hear
Steam bang in pipes behind the empty chairs.

Jays screamed from elms, pigeons stared
Aslant from whitened sills, and I teetered
In the lecture chair rung-deep in brainish
Drifts of bygone labors. I kept thinking
Someone might be coming up the stairs.

In offices below, pedagogues were stirring,
Cultivating rewards in heaven, or dodging
Home sweet home. Was it my will or God's
Prepense, tilting there: to scoff, free as
Any jay, or muse how papers sapped my rest?

It wasn't peace so much as an abating
Of tired machinery to a trembling pause,
Stillness without cessation. In the street
A motor coughed in someone's cold jalopy;
Pigeons whirred about their weekday mating.

Classes would have emptied with the bell
Across the frosty mall, and soon the step
Beyond the door, ambiguous seekers, waiting.
If the phone should ring, should I say—
Sorry, this is just an empty hall?

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unquestionably the choicest plum. It would be difficult to imagine any museum with adequate resources foregoing this masterpiece. In America, where medieval paintings of high quality are so rare as to be almost unknown, its acquisition by the Metropolitan was doubly arresting and doubly rewarding.

A more precarious problem was presented by the possibility of buying the El Greco—precarious only because the museum already owned six other works by this artist. However, if one is willing to admit that concentrations are valid and valuable, then this feverish late canvas of "Saint John's Vision" is more than merely a seventh important El Greco in the Metropolitan, for its presence enhances and enriches the other six works, adding new luster to their sequence as it also underlines this painter's ability to unleash the most fervent emotions. The tendency of museums to seek one outstanding example by a noted artist is understandable, but the joy of comparing a well-selected series by a single painter cannot be overestimated. Think of Basle with its wealth of Holbeins, Munich with Rubens, Haarlem with Frans Hals, and you immediately realize that to know one artist is sometimes more enlightening than to sample many.

Perhaps the most courage was needed when "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de La Tour, was recently purchased. Though this seventeenth-century French artist is highly regarded by modern eyes and though authentic works by him are extremely rare, he does not have the stature of either Robert Campin (usually considered the Master of Flémalle) or El Greco, both of whom occupy exalted niches in the history of art. The Metropolitan paid a huge sum for this painting, many times more than has ever been considered for a work by de La Tour. What might have been a grave error for almost any other American museum became for the Metropolitan a wise decision. Most art institutions in the United States (the National Gallery in Washington excepted) still lack important works by many great artists of the past. Without definitive paintings by Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Bellini, or, let us say, Tiepolo, it would seem folly to dissipate funds on even the most extraordinary work by an engrossingly interesting but not necessarily world-shaking artist. Because the Metropolitan does not face such lacks, because it has lavish purchase funds, because a work by Georges de La Tour is not represented in its collection, and because this particular painting is a unique example of the artist's early work, its acquistion becomes a peculiarly impressive addition.

—KATHARINE KUH.

"The Fortune Teller," by Georges de La Tour (1593-1652).

—Illustrations courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Rogers Fund, 1956.

"St. John's Vision of the Mysteries of the Apocalypse," by El Greco (1541-1614).

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TV AND RADIO

Today and Tomorrow on TV

A PROGRAM executive at CBS-TV was talking about the recent Walter Lippmann program on "CBS Reports" a few days before the video-taped Howard K. Smith interview was telecast. Across the luncheon table, the executive said he had seen the show in advance and "it was tremendous and pulled no punches." The eggheads would be excited about it, he continued, but it wouldn't get a rating; and anyway, what was so important about an interview with Lippmann on TV, even if it was a whole hour during prime time? Friday morning, he asserted, following the Thursday night show, the program would have changed nothing either in the country or in the industry. What the executive was looking for, he said, was something really big in the way of a program idea.

No doubt "Lippmann on Leadership" did not outrate the eight repeats that were shown by the assorted competition during the hour the program was available for viewing (including "Bat Masterson," "Highway Patrol," and "Steve Canyon"). But it's also very likely that the few million people who watched "CBS Reports" that night went to bed with a more lucid grasp of world affairs and a more hopeful feeling about them than they had experienced in a long time.

Although Mr. Lippmann's views on foreign and national affairs are familiar to regular readers of his syndicated newspaper column, and also to those who follow his books, it was a considerable novelty to have the Lippmann perspective on a TV summit, as it were, ranging rapidly and broadly over the substance of a monthful of columns. To have the sage of Washington up close at his ease, and ad-libbing, revealed not only his urbanity, which was to be expected, but yielded a bonus in the impression of kindliness and personal warmth never apparent in the intense concentration of his logical, impersonal prose. Mr. Lippmann's man of the twentieth century is Winston Churchill, and like Churchill, who changed political sides twice during his career in the House of Commons, the American journalist exhibited his valuable quality of critical detachment in assessing contemporary Presidents. He originally thought Eisenhower would be a good President; he now thinks he has failed to lead. Mr. Lippmann had an early cool estimate of Franklin D. Roosevelt, but came to regard him as a great wartime leader.

Supporters of Adlai Stevenson must have relished the Lippmann description of the requirements for the next President—"the ability to see what matters in the excitement of daily events, a judicial mind in making decisions, the ability to talk in language which the nation's best minds will understand, and experience as a governor of a state." Kennedy and Nixon backers could take comfort in the Lippmann view that the old leaders are passing and younger men are coming to the front. Mr. Lippmann's emphasis on calendar youth, however, was hardly convincing in view of his own vigor of ideas at threescore and ten. "It is in old age that power comes," Sir Charles Dilke wrote, with Gladstone in mind, but there is Churchill and here is Mr. Lippmann himself.

Howard K. Smith also got his guest to talk of West Berlin, Red China, and the U-2 affair. Mr. Lippmann pointed out that among the neutral nations, fear of the U.S. diminishes when we stop using them exclusively as military bases. He had things to say about education, a favorite subject of his, about national purpose and public spending. He was in favor of deflating government's big bureaucracy but not its big purposes.

In all this he was not a "hollow man" crying havoc or cutting off reasonable hope. He was doing his best to help us see ahead, to correct our parochial and narrow personal concerns. Mr. Lippmann, in short, is on "man's side." He cares about the better of probable worlds. "Ideas have consequences," the columnist has said in one of his books. The world we act upon depends upon the world we believe exists. This being so, I would say to the CBS executive who scorned the importance of the "CBS Reports" telecast: "Mr. Fred W. Friendly's production of 'Lippmann on Leadership' *was* big." It did change the nation and the industry because it changed a few men's beliefs about today and tomorrow—for the better. In integrating and rendering more positive the private worlds of its collective viewers, the program made an important contribution to the preservation of the society in which the CBS executive and his colleagues can continue to have the freedom to appreciate "Bat Masterson" and "Highway Patrol" and "Steve Canyon." Can anything be bigger? —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Trinity Churchyard: Spring

By May Swenson

THIN shoulders of the old stones.
Rude weathered signals of the dead.
Armless. As if wearing square robes.
Some with an outcrop rounded as the head once was.

Some dark and marred as charcoal. Slices broken.
Frail torsos rugged earth holds steady here,
perpetual in rain and wind and under
the shrill file of the years.

Are they gaunt slivers of one great skeleton?
Rude remnant signals of the erased dead,
the marrows riddled but undestroyed,
that wait for assembly by the church's side?

Their shadows grow, are longer than themselves,
repeat them on their worn and ancient grass.
Some that were white have yellowed in the sun,
bent back in a stasis tipped by time,

as candles, lopped, are shortened with their use.
The names have run awry as melted wax.
Their burning has been opposite to green
and flame-shaped buds exploding now.

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Dark Continent

Continued from page 25

for the Bantu to develop his cultural, economic and political leadership in the white cities. Under the new policy this is being diverted to the Bantu areas. In their homelands, Bantu development in the fields of culture, economics and politics will be both recognized and stimulated. Bantu national life will grow outside the European areas, not inside them.

However, in his critique of apartheid, Anthony Sampson, a columnist on the *London Observer*, raises some sharp questions concerning Afrikaner sincerity. While the Bantus make up three-quarters of the population, the land so far set aside for Bantustans amounts to only 13 per cent of the total territory. The money provided for Bantu development is barely enough to stay soil erosion. But the gravamen of his case is that apartheid will not work because the most advanced and effective members of the Bantu community oppose it.

> Urban Africans [he writes of this group] see the towns as their permanent homes, and the reserves as the dwindling, unstable background from which any African, given the chance, will emigrate. . . . The prospect of retribalizing them is against all the laws of history. [They have no] thought of developing along the lines which the South African Government have planned for them.

Mr. Pienaar predicts eventual partition and warns that the Afrikaner "nation" is "determined . . . to fight for its existence with every weapon at its disposal." On the other hand, Mr. Sampson speaks of "boycott and industrial action" by the non-whites to force "a multiracial democracy." There lingers the impression of two trains on the same track rushing at mounting speeds in opposite directions.

—Joseph Kraft.

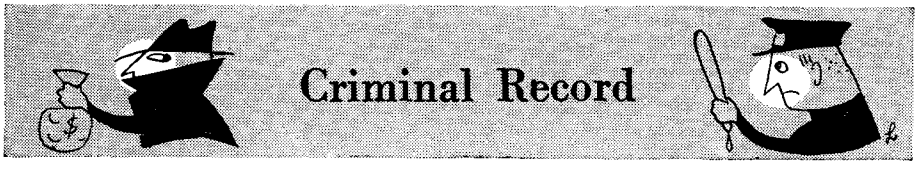
DENIZENS OF THE DESERT: There may be other places on earth as inhospitable to human occupation as the Sahara, but certainly not many. Over a large part of its vast extent the rainfall is less than one inch a year, and for some districts no rain whatever may fall in the course of three or four years. Although these are extreme conditions, they represent the extraordinary aridity that prevails there and that consequently affects all living organisms which attempt to live under such circumstances. The astonishing thing is how many creatures, including man, have managed to do so successfully, always, of course, by means of special physiological adaptations or in the case of man through his cultural devices.

If for no other reason it is a fascinating experience to read in Lloyd Cabot Briggs's account in **"Tribes of the Sahara"** (Harvard University Press. $7.50), how men have contrived to manage this and indeed to flourish under the rigorous conditions of one of the world's worst deserts. That there should have been so many to have done so is astonishing, but, as Briggs makes crystal clear, it was possible only through the development of a closely linked economic and political system of mutual dependence. Not only were the sedentary, agricultural groups settled at the infrequent oases and the nomadic pastoral tribes mutually dependent for the exchange of necessities that one or the other lacked, but both relied upon connections with the fringe worlds of the Sudan to the south and the Mediterranean coast to the north.

Although the history of the variegated population of the Sahara is shrouded in uncertainty, its major outlines can be discerned from the evidences that Briggs has patiently and critically assembled. It is refreshing to have all this set forth stripped of the fantasy that has grown up about the Sahara tribes. The Tuareg, for example, a favorite subject for travelogue romance, emerge from Briggs's account divested of the nonsense associated with their name, but all the more interesting as an extraordinary example of adaptation to an environment with a narrow margin of safety.

The human world of the Sahara, a patchwork of historical fragments—Berber, Arab, Jewish, Negro, and other elements woven into a living fabric—has maintained itself certainly since Roman times. It is now being threatened by the spread of technological exploitation as are so many other remote areas. As a result, the picture Briggs has painted of the ancient traditional system just on the verge of a rapid and revolutionary change has an especially dramatic impact. It is, besides, a work of excellent scholarship.

—Harry L. Shapiro.



NEVER TURN YOUR BACK. *By Margaret Scherf. Crime Club.* $2.95. Martin Buell, Montana rector who delights in playing private eye, swings into nonclerical action when cased "grandfather's clock" turns out to be neighbor's corpse. Nice particularization, casting, plus high humor content.

CONCRETE CRIME. *By Manning Coles. Crime Club.* $2.95. Tommy Hambledon, MI-5 ace, crosses Channel to chase killer; has exciting moments in Paris, Burgundy; good comic intervals abound. Still in there pitching.

FALSE SCENT. *By Ngaio Marsh. Little, Brown.* $3.75. London actress's semicentennial cocktail party is marred by messy murder; Superintendent Roderick Alleyn, cultured Yarder, does the interviewing at excessive length. Not up to "Singing in the Shrouds."

MURDER IN BLACK LETTER. *By Poul Anderson. Macmillan.* $3.50. California graduate student's torture death brings Trygve Yamamura, Norwegian-Japanese eye, into action; professor also alert in Berkeley-San Francisco area. Not the equal of "Perish by the Sword."

PRICE TAG FOR MURDER. *By Spencer Dean. Crime Club.* $2.95. Don Cadee, protection chief for New York bazaar beautiful, galvanizes when warehouse vanishes (building and all, that is); poison apple is one death weapon; secrets of beauty shop revealed; payoff in Atlantic City. Nice pace.

WINNER TAKE ALL. *By James McKimmey. Dell.* 25¢. San Francisco engineer at loose ends poses as Nevada playboy in effort to settle bad debt with gambler, but finds plot is deeper than he imagined. Good pace, ingenious plotting.

A PENKNIFE IN MY HEART. *By Nicholas Blake. Harper.* $2.95. English TV writer out of love with wife, and industrial heir who loathes uncle, plot to carry out switch slaughters, manufacturing tight alibis for each other; it works, but still crime doesn't pay; engaging personalities utterly absent. Formula performance has exciting moments.

SEND ANOTHER HEARSE. *By Harold Q. Masur. Random House.* $2.95. Literary agent vanishes, and so does $50,000 advance on movie exposing police corruption; New York lawyer Scott Jordan; looks into matters; there are dead. Knowledgeable and well-paced.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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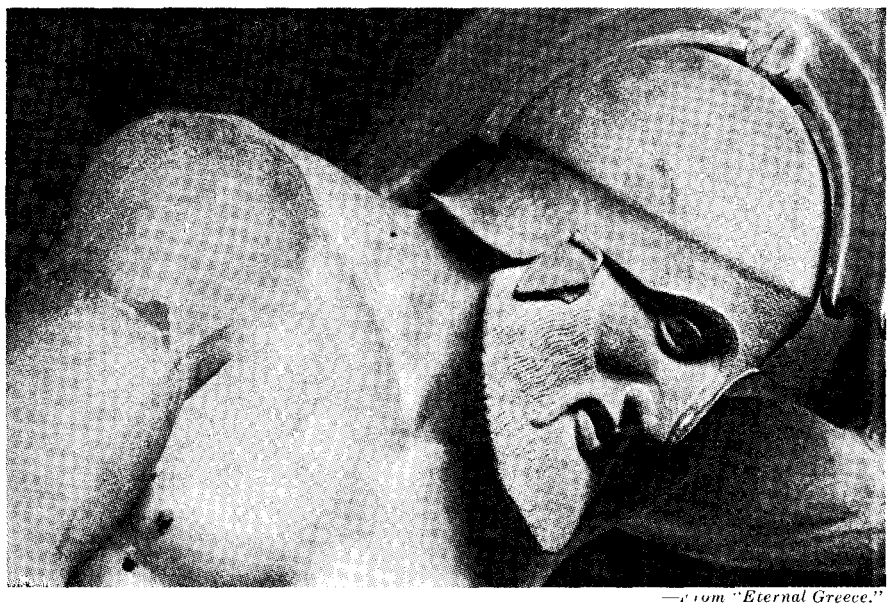
Ideas

Continued from page 23

the Roman or Christian or Indian epic. In "The Iliad" he finds a group of gods and a group of men each attending to their own business. In the tragedies he sees human heroes attaining by their own efforts a kind of victory even in utter catastrophe. In Homer, as in the tragedies, the gods assist "a man to summon up his highest potential . . . but the responsibility [is] his alone." Hadas's brief but revealing account of Hesiod finds him, too, striving for individual excellence, but in the competition of hard work and the acquisition of wealth. Pindar, despite his deep religious instinct, likewise praises individual human prowess; and the Ionian philosophers praise the same prowess, this time intellectual. Protagoras and the other sophists, teaching their disciples how to win the battle of wits in assembly and in law courts, hold views that are but "a natural outgrowth of the Homeric." Rome follows with its high, un-Greek civic responsibility; then come the lessened individualism of the Middle Ages; the resurgence of individualism, independence, human self-sufficiency in the Rennaissance; the individualistic utopias of More, of Rabelais, of Montaigne; finally, Machiavelli, Spinoza, Darwin, Marx, and Freud.

"Humanism" seems to be saying that Hellenic culture was implicitly secular from the start. But, leaving aside the mystery cults, with their promise of personal salvation, did Homer's gods really abstain from intervening in human affairs as much as this book implies? On the contrary, it would appear possible to read Homer in terms of two interpenetrating worlds, the divine and human, even though the interpenetration occurs on the plains of Troy, never on divine Olympus. "The Iliad" is, of course, "anthropocentric" in the sense that its central actions are human actions, not divine actions; but why does Homer insist so constantly that his human heroes are godlike? And why must all these human actions, including the most self-assertive actions of Achilles himself, occur "in order that the will of Zeus might be fulfilled"? To call "The Iliad" man-centered seems somehow like calling a story about children child-centered—even if adults intervene in it decisively, even if individual children keep running to adults for help, even if the children wonder intermittently how long the adults will allow their games to continue. As late as Aeschylus the dependence seems assumed. As early as Euripides some children, not having seen an adult lately, wonder if adults actually exist. Then secularization proceeds with Hellas, as it has done with us.

One wonders if this essay of Professor Hadas's might not have made a stronger case for legacy had he traced our own secular view of life, not back to the days when Greek man did encounter his gods, even if clothed in mist, but only back to the agnosticism of the fifth century, a time when Protagoras was not alone in wondering whether gods did in fact exist and whether man, with all his natural ferocity, with his somewhat terrifying cleverness, and with his often silly certitudes, could wisely cease praying since there seemed to be nobody to pray to. Much of this exists in the latter portion of this book; it is the more persuasive portion.



—From "Eternal Greece."

Dying Warrior from east pediment of Temple of Aphea.

Soul's Laureate

"The Saviors of God: Spiritual Exercises," by Nikos Kazantzakis; *translated, with an introduction, by Kimon Friar (Simon & Schuster. 143 pp. $4.50), is a progressive series of meditations, tersely poetic and epigrammatic, based on belief not in the orthodox Christian God but in the élan vital. Our reviewer is Chad Walsh, author of a devotional work, "Behold the Glory."*

By Chad Walsh

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS, the Greek author who died in 1957, first came to general American attention when his story of the Crucifixion in a modern setting, "The Greek Passion," was made into a deeply evocative French film, "He Who Must Die." More recently, Kimon Friar's translation of Kazantzakis's "The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel" has established the author as a major figure in world literature.

"The Saviors of God" is a much earlier work than the Odyssey sequel. It was composed in the early 1920s, and provides advance glimpses of many strands of thought that were to figure in the later work. To describe such a book as "The Saviors of God" is not easy. Its subtitle immediately suggests the classical tradition of Christian devotion. But to Kazantzakis, Christ was only one of many saviors—men who helped bring God into existence by guiding and inspiring man in his attempt to transmute matter into spirit. Other saviors in Kazantzakis's soteriology were Moses, Buddha, Alexander the Great, Mohammed, Genghis Khan (!), Leonardo da Vinci, Don Quixote, William Shakespeare, Nietzsche, and Lenin.

Kazantzakis's religious sensibility seems to have had two poles. One was represented by Buddha and the doctrine of renunciation. The other was an overpowering sense of the vitalities of life and the intuition that they represented a blind but not purposeless thrust toward the evolution of God himself. Thus "The Saviors of God" reads at times like Bergson or Nietzsche, with an occasional backward glance at Gautama. At other times—though perhaps this shows no direct influence—the gnomic utterances suggest a more concise Walt Whitman, but a Whitman less simplistic in the easy acceptance of everything and everybody. Indeed, there is a further paral-

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lel. Just as Whitman adored an ideal democracy in his imagination while finding little to admire in the democracy of Washington or New York, so Kazantzakis was fascinated by Russian Communism, but more by the agony, the turmoil, and the latent spiritual possibilities than by Marxist materialism, which he found repellent.

Anyone trying to read "The Saviors of God" as a slightly off-beat book of Christian devotions is condemned to frustration and irritation. Kazantzakis's God is not an eternal and perfect reality, but simply the evolving frontier of man's spirituality. God is man's highest creation, or the highest creation of that "Life Force" operating through man. Nothing is static. Man himself, through whom the earth achieves consciousness, and who must serve as God's savior ("It is not God who will save us—it is we who will save God, by battling, by creating, and by transmuting matter into spirit.") may be only a way-station in the spiritualization of all things. Man is perhaps merely the temporary instrument of the Life Force. But meanwhile he is called upon by that force to strive forward, though there is no one path laid out for all human beings:

> Everyone has his own particular road which leads him to liberation—one the road of virtue, another the road of evil.
>
> If the road leading you to your liberation is that of disease, of lies, of dishonor, it is then your duty to plunge into disease, into lies, into dishonor, that you may conquer them. You may not otherwise be saved.
>
> If the road which leads you to your liberation is the road of virtue, of joy, of truth, it is then your duty to plunge into virtue, into joy, into truth, that you may conquer them and leave them behind you. You may not otherwise be saved.

How the reader will take to this book depends on whether he feels at home with *élan vital*. To some, including this reviewer, the *élan vital* is rather a frenzied bore—stronger on frantic energy and on uncoordinated flexing of the spiritual muscles than on meaning, direction, and elementary ethical distinctions. But one must take "The Saviors of God" for what it is, not for what it is not. The Life Force has now found an adequate poet laureate and its St. Ignatius. Kazantzakis's book seethes with vitality and with passionately experienced insights. Of its kind, it could hardly be better. And once again the English-speaking world owes thanks to Mr. Friar for expertly and lovingly bridging the great linguistic gulf fixed between us and modern Hellas.

Fiction

Continued from page 19

absurd way, a positive meaning: "If I die. . . . It shall be the first time a peasant has died not for himself but for someone else."

The new version no longer speaks of the necessity "to unite." But it ends with the same tragic words: "WHAT CAN WE DO?" The burning question is still haunting us today: we need only look at China or South Africa or Cuba to perceive how urgent the answer has become.

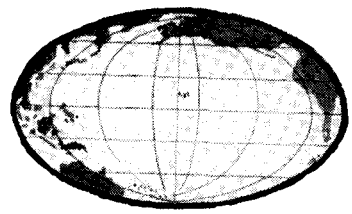
CAMERA'S-EYE VIEW: Almost two decades ago, Frederic Wakeman, in a novel called "The Hucksters," declared open season on Madison Avenue, the communications industry, and the mind-manipulators of radio and television. Since then, a lot of good, bad, and indifferent writers have made their literary shifts in that general direction. The most recent is Richard G. Stern, whose first novel, **"Golk"** (Criterion, $3.95), may not be the most successful of the lot but it is, perhaps, the most ambitious and certainly the most irritating. Where others have used a scalpel or a sledge hammer for satirical purposes, Mr. Stern seems to be writing with a rather blunt, wet feather. His novel is all style and very little substance.

Golk is a young man who has dreamed up a television program remarkably similar to Allen Funt's "Candid Camera." Operating with hidden cameras and microphones it puts the average citizen in an embarrassing situation and turns the audience into electronic *voyeurs* as the victim extricates himself or digs himself further in.

The program is successful and Golk gets delusions of godhood and turns his probing cameras and mikes loose on such assorted VIPs as a Presidential assistant (his crime: snobbery), a labor leader, (crooked, of course), and a Greek shipping magnate (all the money in the world and a yacht bigger than J. P. Morgan's). Golk's sadistic crusading gets him slapped down by the network president and after he is fired, his associates, without Golk's know-how and sadism, run the program into the ground.

If satire, as George S. Kaufman once claimed, is what closes on Saturday night, it is also a weapon second only to a brace of H-bombs in its deadliness. In the hands of Mr. Stern, the fuse sputters and goes out, smothered under a rather advanced case of delusions of allegory. —AL MORGAN.

Your weekly trip around the world of ideas



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CBR vs MAN

Continued from page 12

did not sign were the United States and Japan. In 1943 President Franklin D. Roosevelt declared that under no circumstances would the United States be the first nation to use poison gas or other chemical weapons in war.

In the Second World War, all the contending nations had poison gases available but did not use them. Some measure of restraint was clearly involved. However, it was also true that poison gas was relatively ineffective in comparison to the new forms of warfare.

World War I was a war of attrition; it stressed defensive military operations. Artillery barrages and poison gas were readily adaptable to trench warfare and the protection of long lines of communication and supply.

World War II was far more comprehensive in its techniques and objectives. The bombing plane was the prime weapon. Correspondingly, civilian population became the prime target. TNT and incendiary mass air raids on cities, sometimes involving a thousand or more planes, were the principal means by which the nations sought to impose their will upon one another. Doubtless, poison gases could have added to the misery suffered by civilians and soldiers, but it is not clear that the gain would have been sufficient to warrant their use.

IN ANY event, the fact that poison gas was not tried has led to a fairly widespread belief that CBR weapons would be proscribed in any future conflict. Indeed, some people even hold to the view that warring nations will not dare to use atomic bombs.

What, therefore, is the likelihood that these weapons will not figure in a major war?

The significant fact here is that the military leaders have already advanced the case for CBR. Certainly, there can be no doubt that nuclear weapons will be used in variety and profusion in another major war.

First, the main striking capability of a major military power in the modern world is based on nuclear explosive force. In the case of the United States, the separate strategies of the Air Force, Army, and Navy are tied to nuclear warfare. The relatively small size of the standing armies of the United States, Great Britain, and France has been justified in military terms by the existence of nuclear capability. The billions of dollars spent on missile research and development by the United States are designed to produce a special delivery system for nuclear explosives. The United States would not have built its Atlas or Polaris long-range missiles, for example, if they had been intended to carry non-nuclear explosives.

Moreover, the testimony of U.S. military officials before budget committees of the Congress has made it abundantly clear that they feel there is no limitation on their ability either to plan for nuclear war or to fight one if major war should break out. The validity of this working assumption has not been challenged by the Congress or any other branch of government.

Quite the contrary. The United States has officially stated to the world that it is prepared to use nuclear weapons rather than give ground in situations affecting major national interests.

The USSR has made similar declarations. Leading Soviet officials have announced their readiness to use nuclear power in any major conflict.

Great Britain and France, in internal discussions of military policy, have identified their nuclear explosive programs as their main claim to major status in the realpolitik of world national standing. There has been no talk of restraint in the use of these weapons if a major war should break out.

THE overwhelming, significant difference between poison gas in the First World War and nuclear power in the next war, if it should occur, is that poison gas was *one* of a wide variety of weapons in the First World War, whereas nuclear power is absolutely central today in the strategy and tactics of the major nations in their military planning. If any doubt exists about the use of atomic explosives in the next war, the military leaders do not share it.

CBR warfare, however, especially as it concerns chemical and bacteriological weapons, may be in a somewhat different category. President Roosevelt's unilateral declaration against the first use of these weapons, as well as what would seem to be a public consensus, has in a sense created a moral position of restraint.

The existence of this restraint is decried by U.S. military officials in their testimony before Congressional committees. They have called for Congressional and public recognition of the need to be free of any prohibitions on CBR.

In short, the American military has taken an official position in favor of the use of CBR weapons in event of another war.

Their argument is that nerve gases, psychochemicals, and disease germs represent the most effective, cheapest, and, in their own words, most humane form of warfare available in the modern world. Moreover, the great advantage they see in CBR is that it searches out and kills people without at the same time destroying the great cities and industrial establishments. Essentially, therefore, the case for CBR warfare rests on a simple proposition: It is less reprehensible and fiendish than thermonuclear warfare.

Of this there can be no doubt. A hydrogen bomb can incinerate several millions of human beings at one time, deform and disfigure millions more, make a shambles of man's edifices and homes. Nothing in the long story of human horror can compare with it.

But the fact that thermonuclear warfare is more calamitous than CBR warfare is not a moral argument in favor of chemical and biological weapons. It doesn't make plague bombs and poison gas a humane form of warfare.

However, once the position is taken that it is proper to fight a war with nuclear weapons, the case against CBR collapses. What is important is to make a case against both. For nuclear weapons combine the worst features of chemical and biological warfare with the worst features of war by TNT. Nuclear bombs cause disease — leukemia, aplastic anemia, and other forms of cancer. They also leave an indelible stain on future generations through chromosome poisoning. Therefore, any argument against CBR warfare also applies to thermonuclear warfare and vice versa.

The existence of nuclear and CBR weapons should produce not merely revulsion but a determination to mobilize all our energies against war in the modern world. The question will be academic whether a man is dying of encephalitis produced by a biological weapon or aplastic anemia produced by radiation. There would not be enough doctors to try to give treatment or even to diagnose. City hospitals, overcrowded already under peacetime conditions, would be able to address themselves to only a minute fraction of the need; that is, if they were operable at all.

DIFFICULT though it may be to get accustomed to the idea, a new major war would not be like most previous wars in history—marked by ebb and flow, by ground fought for and held or relinquished, by people taking to shelters during a raid and coming out at the sign of an all-clear to go back to work or return to their homes. A new war would be like putting a torch to a bird's nest.

A debate over the relative horrors of thermonuclear war and CBR war is a painful commentary on the human situation in our time. The real question is not whether the hydrogen bomb is more or less ghastly than the nerve gas, but whether human beings, before it is too late, can prevent a war in which either or both may be used.

Modern warfare, whether it features

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hydrogen explosives or anti-cholinesterase agents, is directed against human life in the mass, and the conditions that make individual human life possible. The answer to such warfare is to be found not in debate over relative situations of horror but in the control of the weapons, and even more fundamentally in the control of war itself.

For the crisis of man in today's world is represented not primarily by competing ideologies. It is represented by power without control. The competition between ideologies is real, but this competition has existed in various forms through most of history. Superimposed upon the present clash of ideologies today is a new fact. This is the fact that man is in possession today of almost total power but his instruments of control over that power are unscientific and indeed primitive.

One member of Congress, Robert W. Kastenmeier, of Wisconsin, has taken Congressional leadership in calling upon the country to face up to the facts and implications of CBR warfare. He has introduced a resolution which "reaffirms the long-standing policy of the United States that in the event of war the United States shall under no circumstances resort to the use of biological weapons or the use of poisonous or obnoxious gases unless they are first used by our enemies."

PARADOXICALLY, the two groups that stand at the opposite poles on the issue of CBR warfare—the military and the pacifists—have both worked diligently to provoke general awareness of the existence of CBR.

Members of the military feel they are seriously hampered in planning for the security of this country if any limitation is placed on their capacity to wage war. Moreover, they are convinced that an enemy will not be bound by polite rules of warfare, and is probably far ahead of the United States right now in the nature and size of his CBR arsenal. They feel that if this nation is going to be inhibited by President Roosevelt's declaration in 1943 against the use of chemical and biological weapons, it may be difficult to get the kind of support required from Congress to step up their research and manufacturing programs. Hence their belief in the need for public discussion as an essential preliminary to public acceptance.

Pacifists and their supporters believe in public discussion—as an essential preliminary to reaching the public conscience. They feel that never before has the futility and shame of violence been more starkly dramatized than by CBR. They do not regard war by CBR as being any less reprehensible than war through explosives or any other means. But they feel that CBR may cut through calloused thinking about the nature of modern warfare. Waging war by deliberately spreading disease germs may strike a nerve in public opinion in a way that may touch off a long-overdue debate about the new weapons and their implications.

Accordingly, a "vigil" has been mounted at Fort Detrick, in Frederick, Maryland, where the United States Army operates a research center for the development of germ warfare. The vigil is not a mass demonstration; it is not a picket line; it is not agitation as the term is commonly understood. It is simply a group of people—and the number may vary from day to day—who stand silently near the entrance to Fort Detrick. A sign announces the fact that their purpose is to stop preparation for germ warfare. They mounted the vigil only after making their purposes clear to officials and community leaders.

Whether or not the vigil is succeeding in producing public awareness of CBR, it has had the effect of creating respect and even admiration for the silent standees by many who work at Fort Detrick and by the people of Frederick. For the men and women of the vigil have made it clear that their purpose is not to denounce or foment but to appeal to the best in man.

As the public debate over CBR proceeds, one fact of mountainous importance is bound to emerge. For the first time in our history we are preparing for a war we know we cannot win. The President of the United States has added his own confirmation to the essential truth that the next war will be an undertaking in mutual suicide and not an approach to victory.

All this being the case, it would seem clear that the nation ought to be mobilizing its energy, its wisdom, and its conscience for the attempt to achieve peace—peace with freedom and justice. Certainly, not until the American people put at least as much thrust into the struggle for peace as they have into the new techniques of war can they satisfy themselves on their basic responsibilities to themselves and the rest of mankind.

THE use of nuclear and CBR weapons against human beings may well be the most important moral question to come before any generation of Americans. For the effects of biological and nuclear war will not be confined to the warring nations. One billion or more people could be killed or made to suffer by a war in which their countries took no part.

The question that cannot be avoided is whether any nation, even in its own defense, has the right to destroy half of the rest of the world.

Da Vinci

Continued from page 14

haunts and the demand that their quest for excellence imposes upon them.

There is a multitude of ways to use one's new leisure rewardingly. For example, in the cultivation, exploration, and mastery of some specialty for which you've always had a secret hankering. My own choice would be contact with and contemplation of the oceans. For there's a primordial pull to the sea; our vestigial ancestors lurk in the spume; the salt water is in our blood. The secret of life lies below and beyond the long-backed breakers.

Whatever you do with your leisure, it should be positive. Back in the mauve decade, money was the criterion of success. The banker's house with the mansard roof roosting on the hill was characteristic of community life in America. But that was a gold standard period. Nowadays, money is pretty much a printing-press affair and new criteria have therefore taken over to symbolize man's status. Two specific criteria I'd like to propose for top honors are usefulness and excellence. Usefulness as seen in Albert Schweitzer and Tom Dooley, and usefulness in terms of being fit, willing, and able to help such leaders in the accomplishment of their goals; excellence in the sense of doing a few things, but doing them superlatively well.

To do this calls for living up to capacity. First, there's the need to pack into one's formative years every possible bit of sensatory knowledge that eyes, ears, nose, tongue, and fingers can encounter. And then there's the discipline of learning to call up the data on short notice.

It's also well to remember at this point the baseball adage that when a man stands still, or moves backward to field a hot grounder, stick a fork in him, brother, he's done!

So as a man masters a new field he should be everlastingly writing and talking about it. A good guide was provided by the late Alben Barclay, who made it known that he would accept any and all invitations to speak, with the sole proviso that he'd be the only speaker on the program. The fun of speaking lies in the adroit practice of the technique of the sudden shock, the quick laugh, and the "cinder-out-of-the-eye" relief; in other words, the delivery of one basic idea, vividly packaged, dynamically dramatized, ready to be taken home, unwrapped, and savored.

With leisure and education at our threshold, perhaps we can anticipate a new respect for the nonconformist, the courageous intellectual who reads,

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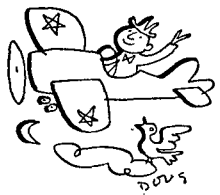
writes, and speaks as he believes he should, not as he thinks others would like him to. There will be high respect for those who put their own color into the environment rather than adopting the protective coloration established by others.

It will be the province of the nonconformist to bring home to us the tragedy of our present low morality. He's the one who will take TV by the hand; he's the one who will hold up to the light our current hanky-panky in the field of income-tax evasion; he's the one who may say: "Who's for wanting to do the right thing just for its own sake?" This could bring a refreshing change from today's criterion of right and wrong, which seems to be based largely on whether or not we'll be caught. Thomas Macaulay voiced what I have in mind when he said that "the measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew he would never be found out." The important thing is to have the sense of "being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the be-



ing thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy." So said Shaw in his preface to "Man and Superman."

Said Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> I think that, as life is action and passion, it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived.

What more challenging summation of life's purpose could be laid down? Norbert Wiener, in "The Human Use of Human Beings," puts it this way:

> Any use of a human being, in which less is demanded of him and less is attributed to him than his full status, is a degradation and a waste.

You'll find an appropriate slogan for the years ahead imperishably engraved in the granite of Washington, D.C.'s Building of Archives. It reads: WHAT IS PAST IS PROLOGUE.

And I give you the taxi driver who, when asked what he thought the words meant, gave an answer that neatly encompasses the whole man's outlook. Said he from the corner of his mouth: "You ain't seen nothin' yet!"

Chess Corner–37

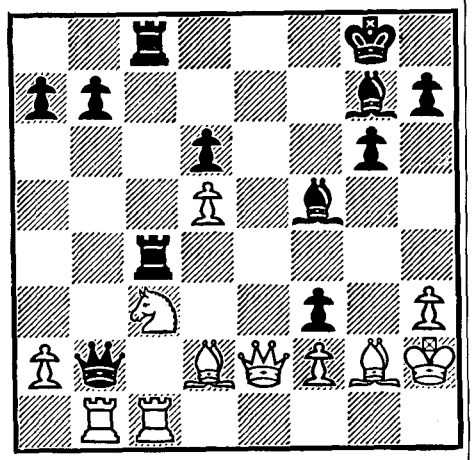
Twenty-three-year-old Mikhail Tahl is the new chess champion of the world. He wrested the title from his compatriot, forty-eight-year-old Mikhail Botvinnik, in a twenty-one-game set-to by the score of 12½-8½ (6 wins, 2 losses, and 13 draws). He displayed a brand of chess rarely seen in such competition, sharp and speculative, with a tendency to veer away from the orthodox.

The one-sided result dumbfounded the top echelon of members who cheered for Botvinnik. The reason may be that Tahl had been playing tournament after tournament, while Botvinnik had been avoiding the gruelling five-hour sessions. Hence, Botvinnik was rusty, lacked confidence, avoided speculation. The sixth game of the match, below, exemplifies these traits.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

	M. Botvinnik White		M. Tahl Black
1	P-QB4	N-KB3	
2	N-KB3	P-KN3	
3	P-KN3	B-N2	
4	B-N2	O-O	
5	P-Q4	P-Q3	
6	N-B3	QN-Q2	
7	O-O	P-K4	
8	P-K4	P-B3	
9	P-KR3	Q-N3	
10	P-Q5	PxP	
11	BPxP	N-B4	
12	N-K1	B-Q2	
13	N-Q3	NxN	
14	QxN	KR-B1	
15	R-N1	N-R4	
16	B-K3	Q-N5	
17	Q-K2	R-B5	
18	KR-B1	R/1-QB1	
19	K-R2	P-B4	
20	PxP	BxP	
21	R-QR1	N-B5	
22	PxN	PxP	
23	B-Q2	QxP	
24	QR-N1	P-B6	

25 RxQ .....



25 BxP, according to the critics, should win for White.

25	.....	PxQ	36	RxQRP	B-B5
26	R-N3	R-Q5	37	R-R8ch	K-B2
27	B-K1	B-K4ch	38	R-R7ch	K-K3
28	K-N1	B-B5	39	R-R3	P-Q4
29	NxP	RxR	40	K-B2	B-R5ch
30	NxR/4	RxBch	41	K-N2	K-Q3
31	B-B1	B-K5	42	N-N3	BxN
32	N-K2	B-K4	43	BxB	PxB
33	P-B4	B-B3	44	KxB	K-Q4
34	RxP	BxP	45	R-R7	P-B6
35	R-QB7	BxP	46	R-QB7	K-Q5

Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A rogue; corsair.	60 45 16 95 146 97 105 87
B. Provisions for orderly and efficient conduct of an association.	126 155 118 38 2 144
C. Following "De la", Don Quixote's specific title of origin.	134 117 122 52 33 128
D. Town of the Arthurian legends generally identified with Guildford, in Surrey.	18 129 40 62 10 121 91
E. Those responsible for the warning which saved Rome from ancient Gallic invasion (390 B.C.).	159 183 7 136 114
F. Friendly goblin frequenting Scandinavian farmsteads.	142 184 166 151 113
G. Air cell of a seaweed.	98 177 55 174 72 162 139
H. Sign of summer.	13 130 57 39 64 54 165
I. From among those present (2 wds.).	30 179 115 153 12 101 11
J. What Poe did "nearly napping".	44 69 140 81 51 143
K. Antarctic aquatic carnivorous mammal with small teeth, few and small claws (2 wds.).	82 124 4 109 56 35 161 93 31
L. Office held by Sherlock Holmes's "Bradstreet of Scotland Yard".	49 46 26 75 154 137 94 85 104
M. Asiatic tree that yields a bitter tonic bark and other drug bases (2 wds.).	148 79 111 181 178 74 23 84 141
N. Shackled.	24 96 106 15 59
O. "Time" magazine's word for a giant of industry, etc.	53 70 120 156 8 58
P. English essayist who studied for Unitarian ministry, and also painting (1778-1830).	22 42 89 19 170 187 145
Q. Power of vision.	90 34 172 71 43 100 25 67
R. Department of meteorology treating of clouds.	99 107 32 5 147 119 167 86 21
S. Opposite in nature and effect.	17 123 175 61 50 76 182
T. A sort of Italian dumpling (plural).	185 158 164 27 37 92 3
U. Fabulous winged animal, partly horse.	186 36 6 14 78 149 41 88 169 160
V. Spun.	125 77 180 108 133 176 48
W. Exciting aesthetic pleasure.	68 131 73 135 152 110 112 157 20
X. Puff out.	83 168 173 163 66 102 65
Y. Antonym of serious, heavy, dark, etc.	80 1 47 28 116
Z. What grandfather and his father called a tomato (2 wds.).	132 29 171 127 150 9 63 138 103

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

						1 Y		2 B	3 T	4 K	5 R		6 U	7 E	8 O	9 Z
10 D	11 I		12 I	13 H	14 U	15 N	16 A	17 S	18 D	19 P	20 W	21 R		22 P	23 M	24 N
25 Q		26 L	27 T	28 Y	29 Z	30 I	31 K		32 R	33 C	34 Q	35 K	36 U	37 T	38 B	39 H
	40 D	41 U	42 P	43 Q	44 J	45 A	46 L	47 Y		48 V	49 L	50 S	51 J	52 C	53 O	54 H
55 G	56 K		57 H	58 O	59 N		60 A	61 S	62 D	63 Z	64 H	65 X		66 X	67 Q	
68 W	69 J	70 O	71 Q		72 G	73 W	74 M	75 L	76 S		77 V	78 U	79 M	80 Y	81 J	
82 K	83 X	84 M	85 L	86 R	87 A	88 U	89 P	90 Q		91 D	92 T	93 K	94 L		95 A	
96 N	97 A	98 G	99 R	100 Q	101 I	102 X	103 Z	104 L		105 A	106 N	107 R	108 V		109 K	110 W
111 M		112 W	113 F	114 E	115 I		116 Y	117 C	118 B	119 R		120 O	121 D	122 C	123 S	124 K
125 V		126 B	127 Z		128 C	129 D		130 H	131 W	132 Z	133 V		134 C	135 W	136 E	137 L
138 Z	139 G	140 J		141 M	142 F	143 J		144 B	145 P	146 A	147 R	148 M	149 U		150 Z	151 F
	152 W	153 I	154 L		155 B	156 O	157 W	158 T	159 E		160 U	161 K	162 G	163 X	164 T	165 H
166 F		167 R	168 X		169 U	170 P	171 Z	172 Q	—	173 X	174 G	175 S	176 V		177 G	178 M
	179 I	180 V	181 M	182 S	—	183 E	184 F	185 T	186 U	187 P						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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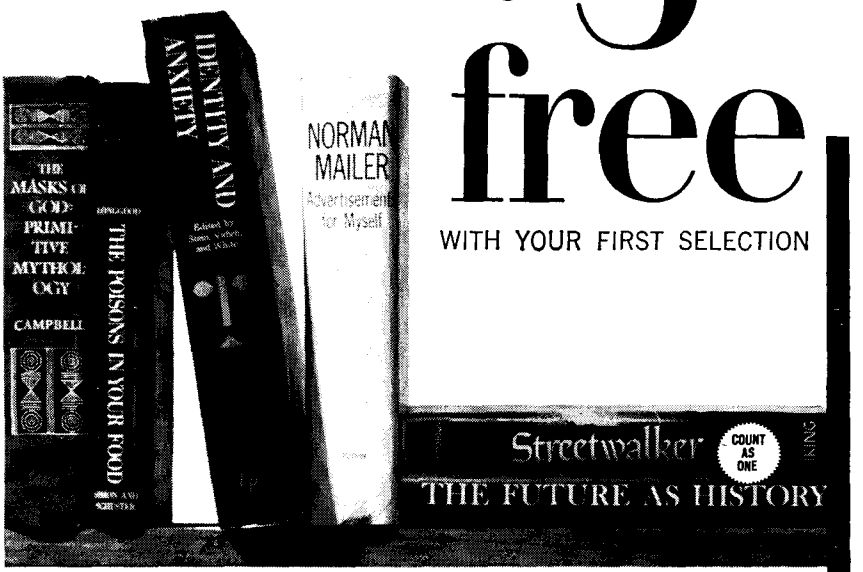

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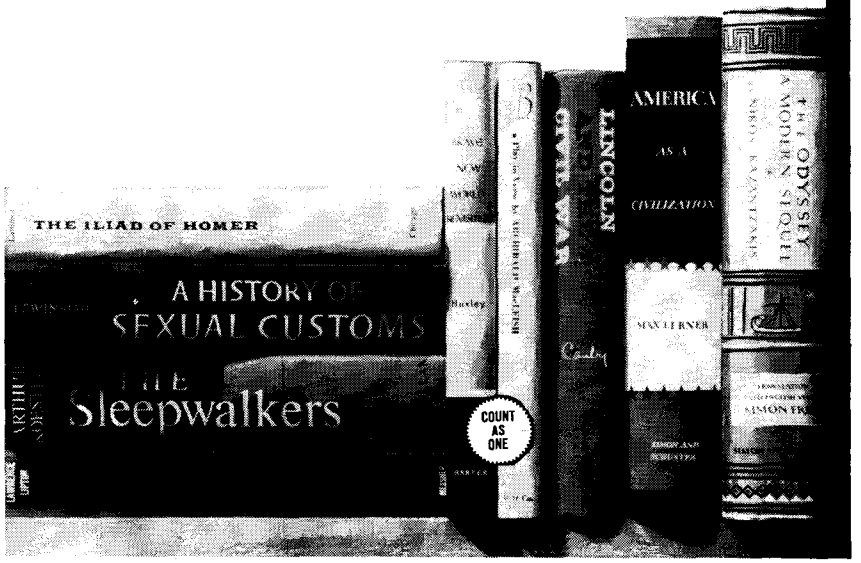

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